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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1951.

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## TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"	By "The Turf"
<b>RACE 1</b>	<b>RACE 1</b>
Antfield Forever Spring Some Fun Outsider:—Priority	Some Fun Geronimo Priority Outsider:—Supercat
<b>RACE 2</b>	<b>RACE 2</b>
Easy Money Belle Fontaine Liberty Ship Outsider:—Oakland Bridge	Easy Money Belle Fontaine Mustang Outsider:—Blue Sky
<b>RACE 3</b>	<b>RACE 3</b>
Harvest Field Harmony Belvito Outsider:—The Hopeful	Belvito National Honour The Hopeful Outsider:—Tonyber
<b>RACE 4</b>	<b>RACE 4</b>
Lawrence Cooper Sharpshot Outsider:—Big Shot	Lawrence Big Shot Straight Flush Outsider:—Cooper
<b>RACE 5</b>	<b>RACE 5</b>
Wadonga Hongkong Stutze Lily Outsider:—Diamond Queen	Wadonga Blossom Time Lily Outsider:—Beautiful Star
<b>RACE 6</b>	<b>RACE 6</b>
Ringwood My Darling Jasmin Outsider:—Shun Lee	Ringwood Sportsmaster Debutante Outsider:—Debutante
<b>RACE 7</b>	<b>RACE 7</b>
Merry Uncle Fairy Feet Corrib Outsider:—Atomic Power	Corrib Fairy Feet Atomic Power Outsider:—Daisy Bell
<b>RACE 8</b>	<b>RACE 8</b>
Hurricane Barbarian L'Arc Triomphe Outsider:—Crackerjack	Crackerjack L'Arc Triomphe Barbarian Outsider:—Fire-Glo

## 11-INCH SNOWFALL IN MIDDLE WEST

Chicago, Dec. 14. The worst snowstorm of the winter buried the Middle West under a blanket up to 11 inches deep today. The storm grounded planes, slowed city traffic, disrupted bus and railway schedules and snapped communications lines.

Snow blanketed Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, much of Wisconsin, lower Michigan and Northern Ohio. South of the snow belt, freezing rain and sleet left highways dangerously slick. The US Weather Bureau forecast that the storm generally would end tonight after piling up snow to a depth of eight inches. But the snow blanket was deeper than that at many points because of snow already on the ground.

Two persons were killed near Central City, Nebraska, when a car collided with a train in

## Haldane's Expedition

London, Dec. 14. Professor J.B.S. Haldane, Fellow of the Royal Society and leading British biologist, left London Airport last night for India to find a gaviel—a large web-footed creature which can inflate the tip of its nose—for the London Zoo.

The rare gaviel lives in the basins of the Ganges, Brahmaputra and Indus Rivers. It has long slender jaws with even teeth. It lives on fish and is harmless to man.

Professor Haldane, accompanied by his wife, who is also a scientist, is also going to lecture to Indian biologists.—Reuter.

## Diplomatic Officials Fired On

Paris, Dec. 14. The official Czechoslovak CTK News Agency tonight announced that two members of the staff of the British Embassy in Prague—a man and a woman—had been wounded by shots fired by Czechoslovak police "when caught spying in a forbidden zone northwest of Prague."

The Czechoslovak Government demanded that the two British citizens should leave Czechoslovak territory.

The Czechoslovak news agency gave the names of the "spies" as Robert Neal Gardner, Second Secretary at the British Embassy, and Miss Daphne Gregory Maines, a member of the Embassy staff.

Mr Gardner was slightly injured and handed back to the British authorities after receiving emergency treatment.

Miss Maines is undergoing treatment in hospital under Czechoslovak surveillance.

In a note to the British Embassy in Prague, the Czechoslovak Government requested the departure of Mr Robert Gardner within 24 hours and announced that Miss Daphne Maines would be expelled as soon as her condition permitted.

The Czechoslovak News Agency added that Miss Maines was wounded as she was resisting arrest. According to the Czechoslovak note, the two Britons were arrested by National Security Police inspectors when caught spying in forbidden territory northwest of Prague (the only forbidden area northwest of Prague is understood to be the zone of the Jechymov uranium mines).—France-Press.

## British Embassy Workers In Cairo Manhandled "UGLY AFFAIR"

Cairo, Dec. 14. Two Egyptian employees of the British Embassy Press Department in Cairo were manhandled by an Egyptian crowd today, dragged to a police station and charged with having incited workers to return to the Suez Canal Zone. The two were held by the police.

A British Embassy spokesman said that the two employees were seen "handcuffed together like common criminals."

He described the affair as "ugly" and declared, "It seemed to be staged."

A British officer and a Signalman were slightly wounded by Sten gunfire when a British Army staff car was ambushed in daylight near Ismailia today.



## Britain Set For Merry Christmas

London, Dec. 15. Britons are all set for a merry Christmas despite the Government's dire warnings of economy cuts in imports and the absence of any rationing "bonus."

True, the 1½ lbs. of extra sugar which was distributed last year would have been useful to the housewife. But as the basic sugar ration this year is half a pound more than it was last Christmas, the net "loss" is not so much as appears at first sight.

Although the general cost of living has increased considerably since last Christmas, the actual off-the-ration seasonal fare is not much more expensive than last year—and in some cases it is even a little cheaper. Imported turkeys, for example, nuts, some fruit and crackers all cost slightly less than they did in 1950.

A bumper crop is still providing plenty of food, home-grown apples at reasonable prices, while there is an abundant supply of Christmas cakes and puddings of various qualities and size to suit most purses.

While fighting continues in Korea, truce talks go on at Pan Mun Jom. This picture shows Chinese Major-General Hsien Feng (left) and North Korean Major-General Lee Song-cho, leaving the tent in which armistice negotiations are being conducted. Two North Korean military police stand guard to the entrance.

## Lyttelton Leaves

The Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton, MP, DSO, MC, who has completed a three-day visit to Hongkong, bade farewell to the Colony this morning when he left by plane for Singapore and Malaya en route to the United Kingdom.

## Passengers' Lucky Escape

Schiphol Airport, Dec. 14. All passengers and crew escaped serious injury when a Swiss-Air Skyliner crashed landed beside Schiphol Airport today and burst into flames.

When the plane landed in a ploughed field about 100 yards from the airfield, the 14 passengers and six crew were able to get out before the fire began.

The stewardess was at first reported missing but it was later discovered that she had been picked up by a private car. She escaped with a few slight burns.

Members of the Executive and Legislative Councils gathered at Queen's Pier at 9.15 a.m. to shake hands with Mr Lyttelton before he stepped on board the Governor's launch which took him to Kai Tak Airport.

Mr Lyttelton arrived at the Pier in company with H.E. the Governor Sir Alexander Grantham. Other members of his party were the Hon. Hugh Fraser, MBE, MP, Parliamentary Under-Secretary, Mr J. J. Paskin, CMG, MC, Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office, and Mr Angus Mackintosh, Private Secretary.

In the passage to Kai Tak, the Governor's launch was escorted by a Police craft.

## Search Abandoned

Milan, Dec. 14. Air rescue aircraft abandoned the search today for a big aeroplane which was reported to have crashed in the Alps near the Swiss frontier yesterday.

Rescue teams found no trace of the crashed plane and gave up the search as no plane has been reported missing.—United Press.

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### A Stimulating Visitor

HONGKONG feels grateful for Mr Oliver Lyttelton's visit and vastly stimulated by his energetic interest in our affairs. The Colony says farewell to him with the firm conviction that there is at the head of the Colonial Office a Minister who not only appreciates our problems, our needs and our ambitions, but one who will purposefully add the weight of his counsel when matters pertaining to Hongkong require decisions by the Imperial Government. In his speech yesterday at the opening of the Hongkong Products Exhibition, Mr Lyttelton ranged far and wide over our domestic problems, giving each an appropriate evaluation. None can fail to be impressed by his vigorous confidence in the Colony's future, and if we take a bow for his tributes to the manner in which Hongkong has rehabilitated itself and made substantial progress beyond its pre-war state, we do so with proper modesty. If the Secretary of State felt himself somewhat plagued with questions during his three-days' stay, the community has good reason to feel satisfied with the way in which he received and answered them. He left no doubts on two points: (a) that the British Government considers Hongkong an essential part of the Commonwealth, and (b) that the Colony is included in the Imperial Government's policy vis-a-vis Southeast Asia, and that there is not the slightest intention of abandoning Hongkong to its fate should an international emergency arise. These are two vitally important assurances, giving the direct to those faint-hearted defeatists who try to convince themselves that the Colony's future is doomed. None can mistake the sincerity of Mr Lyttelton

when he declares: "His Majesty's Government are resolved to maintain their position in Hongkong, and will discharge to the utmost of their ability their responsibilities towards the Colony as regards both defence and the welfare of its population." Analysis of the Minister's replies to a number of other searching questions promotes confidence that Hongkong's affairs will receive closer and more sympathetic attention in the future from His Majesty's Government. He has promised fullest consideration to constitutional reform; all possible help to maintain a sufficiency of raw materials required by local manufacturing industries; all help "in terms of financial and technical assistance which it is possible for us, with our own very grave housing problem at home, to provide," so that Hongkong can make substantial progress towards properly housing the community; every consideration to the question of aiding the Colony's agricultural and fisheries industries; careful attention to the possibility of expanding Japanese trade threatening the Colony's industries and commercial enterprises. Hongkong appreciates that neither Mr Lyttelton nor his Cabinet colleagues can implement these promises overnight; in fact several of our domestic problems must be resolved through our own efforts. But the Secretary of State, by reason of his visit, has engendered to a considerable degree a new confidence in the Colony's future, as well as satisfying the community that so long as Mr Lyttelton remains in his present office, Hongkong's problems and needs will not be overlooked by the Imperial Government.

The Egyptian Foreign Ministry today published its letter to the British Ambassador explaining why its own envoy would be recalled from London.

The letter said that Egypt wished "to record its indignation against the atrocities and innumerable acts of aggression committed by British forces in the Suez Canal Zone."

It concluded: "The Egyptian Government naturally reserves all its rights, notably as regard reparations of losses and damages sustained in the Canal Zone recently on account of British aggression, as it reserves itself the right to take any other appropriate measures required by the future evolution of events."

—Reuter.

**YOGI SHOCKS LONDONERS**

London, Dec. 14. Londoners, shivering in 10 degrees of frost, stopped in their tracks yesterday at the sight of a bearded Indian yogi dressed only in a loin cloth, strolling barefooted across the ice-hard ground of Hyde Park.

But the yogi did not worry. He had a frost-proof, unshakable self-discipline to gain spiritual rewards—he thinks nothing of chewing glass, swallowing tacks, drinking fuming nitric acid and walking on live embers.

Yogi Rao is here on his mission "to save the world from the impending atom bomb cataclysm and to establish perpetual peace."

The 60-year-old Yogi plans to visit the United States and Soviet Russia to show that the world can be saved from disaster through the triumph of spirit over matter.—Reuter.

**Korea Casualties**

Washington, Dec. 14. Communist military casualties in Korea up to December 8 were estimated at 1,000,000 by the United States Defense Department today.—Reuter.

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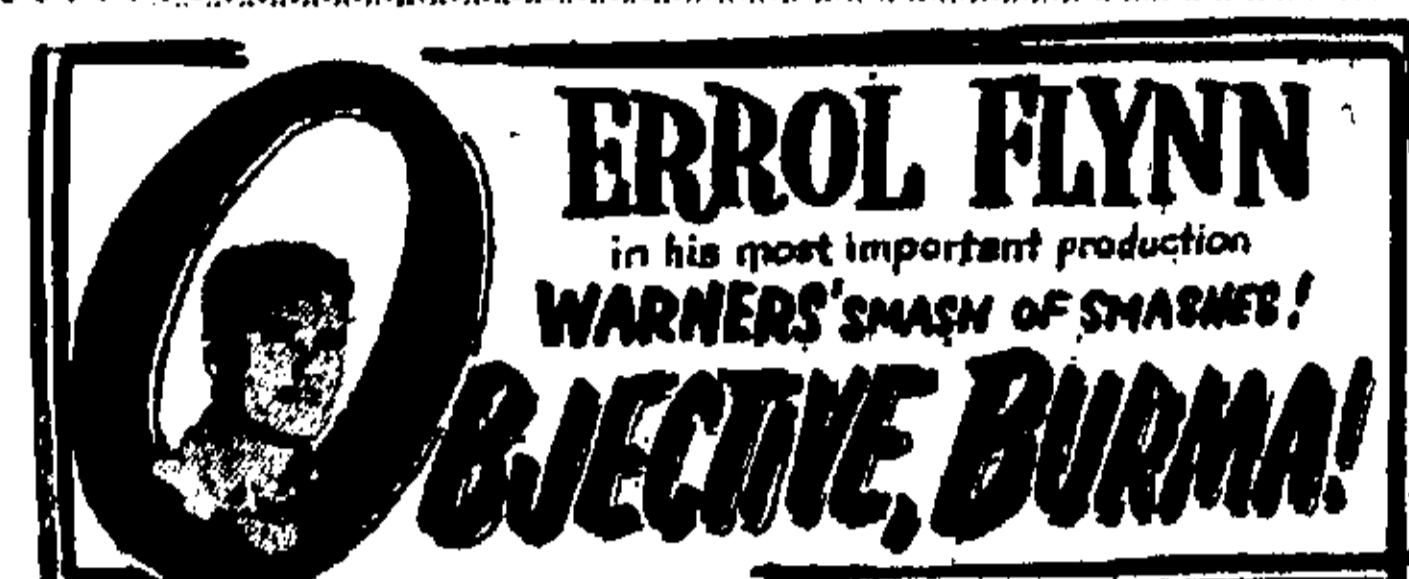
• SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS •

KING'S AT 11.30 A.M. MAJESTIC AT 12.00 NOON

"Barsaat"

"Objective Burma"

(An Indian Picture)

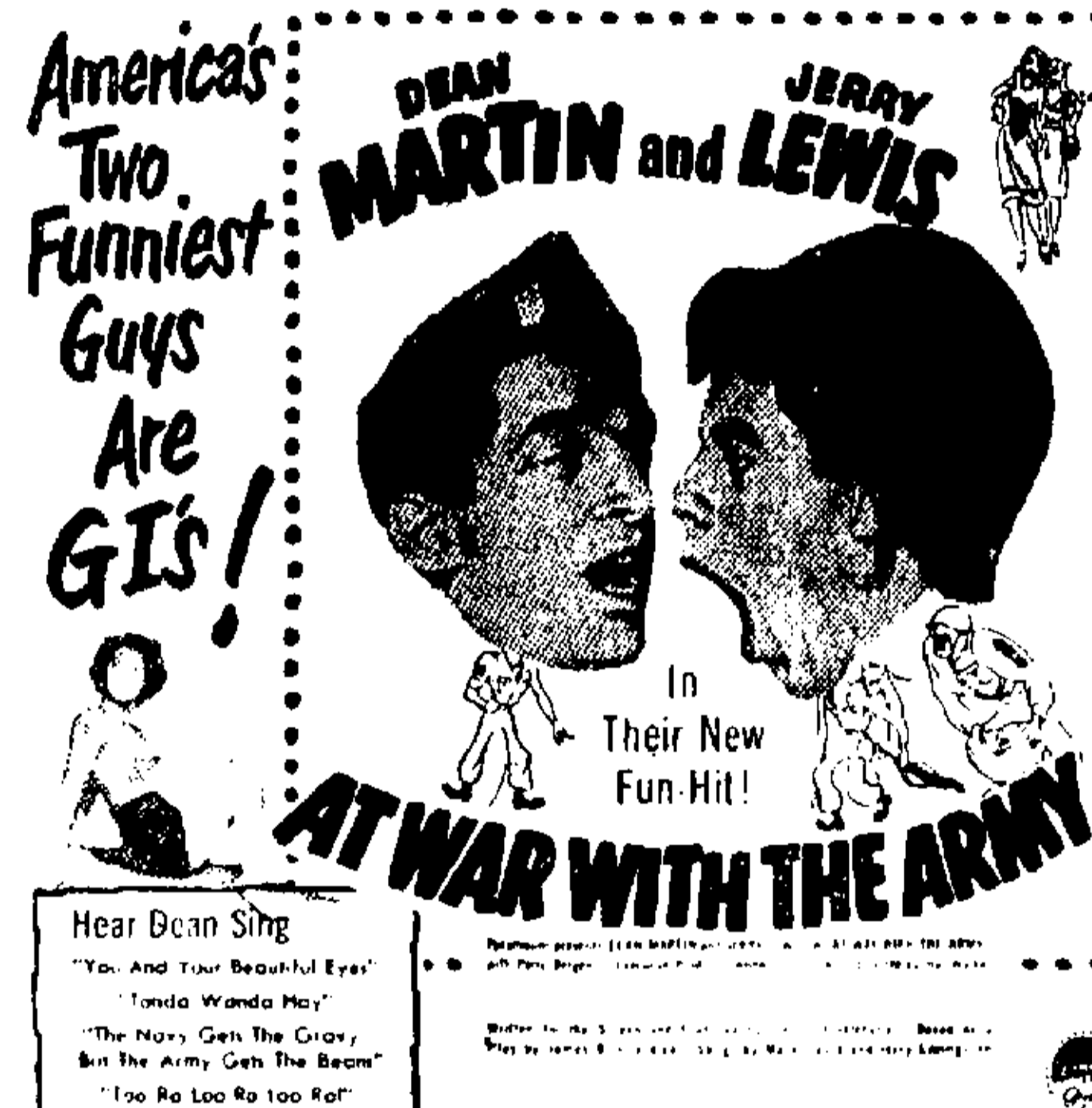


WILLIAM PRINCE • JAMES BROWN • DICK ERDMAN • GEORGE TOBIAS • HENRY HULL • WARNER ANDERSON • Directed by ROUL WALSH  
Screen Play by Ronald MacDougall and Lester Cole. From an Original Story by Alvin Karpis. Music by Franz Waxman



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★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★



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"RHAPSODY IN WOOD"

(A Colour Cartoon)

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3 Stoogers Comedy  
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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



## Fragrantaria v. Dragonia

A visit to the Kowloon Cricket Club very nearly every evening this coming week will be met with a well-hissed "Shush!" at the very door.

The snooker and bridge players have retired to their lairs and a number of the cricketers, lawn bowlers and tennis players have turned thespians.

On the stage are an assortment of members and their children who make up the 34 members of the cast of the "Sleeping Beauty" pantomime. There is much more to a pantomime than the casting. "We are satisfied with the Club talent," says Bill Colledge, the author and producer, "and it is essentially a Club effort. If they have talent, we pull it out of them. If they don't, we push it into them."

Of the 34 members of the cast, 32 are completely new to pantomime footlights. The only two veterans are Rita Cole and Vic Labrum.

That, according to Bill Colledge, has nothing to do with the success of a pantomime. This relies largely on the music (contributed by Phyllis Turner), the dancing (arranged by Dorothy Hart - Baker), the costumes (conceived by Mary Pepperell and Mary Hong Sing), the lighting (looked after by Ralph Capell), the stage construction (thought up by Harry Triggs) and the exterior decoration (the work of the Nam Yang Film Production Company).

A very important character is "Spud" Spary at the piano, who, among other chores, decides on the key that will bring the best out of a variety of choruses.

### FAERYLAND CHIPS

The main hall of the KCC this week will be overrun by elves and fairies, many of whom find it necessary to invade the threshold of that sacred precinct—the Club bar.

This new faeryland habit quite puzzled us, but the explanation is that today's elves and fairies have, rather than a sweet tooth, one for potato chips and, rather self-propelled children, they know where the chips come from.

The success of the pantomime depends on everybody, but there is an additional attraction on whom Producer Colledge largely depends and he has never failed in the past. He is atom-propelled and largely a secret. He finally succeeds in waking up the Sleeping Beauty.

Even if he fails, which is completely improbable, the pantomime has something else to stand up on and that cannot fail. It will stand on its topical spice.

If, over a year of residence in Fragrantaria and Dragonia we have missed any of the most amusing incidents of the year, these are recounted, touched upon with a magic wand and, largely coming out of the mouths of children, are more than enough to bring any house down.

—M.H.T.

## DAVID LEWIN'S Spotlight

### a film that will freeze you... IF YOU DRINK—AND DRIVE

AFTER a long searching look into the private lives and off-screen-standards of actresses, Hollywood dives in again to a problem it tackled once before—DRINK.

The latest view is tougher than "The Lost Weekend" ("a vicarage tea party of a picture in comparison" was one comment).

It has a broader focus; a greater concentration on a problem which is steadily mounting in America; a problem just as familiar here—THE MAN WHO DRINKS TOO MUCH AND THEN DRIVES HOME.

The new film is "Come Fill the Cup"—a tale of the ex-blind leading the blind. For James Cagney, the star, is himself on the screen a former No. 1 LUSH.

Cagney shows just what can happen after taking the cure which Ray Milland presented so effectively in "The Lost Weekend." But then Cagney, having pulled himself up by his bootlaces, has to show his boss's son-in-law (who married the girl he loved) just how to beat the bottle.

When the new picture is shown there will be plenty of scared comment.

You will discover what "angel feathers" are—the final furtive sound a drunk hears when he knows he will either die or win through.

You will see in startlingly realistic detail the full terrors of The Grand Hangover. But more vividly than anything, you will also see—as the screen has never shown before—the savage horror of "what too much drink can do when it gets in command of a steering wheel."

I nominate this scene as one to shatter any motorist's complacency.

Brilliant direction, brilliant lighting, brilliant photography.

\* LUSH: Graphic American slang for the drunk who keeps on drinking and cannot stop.

The venom in the scene will have more effect in hammering home that vivid RECIPE FOR DEATH—"T A K E T W O DRINKS AND DRIVE" than any road safety propaganda ever put into words.



## Olivier Against The Purists

★ THE PRONUNCIATION purists will have plenty to say when they hear how Orson Welles and the rest of "Othello" cast are using the word Lieutenant.

On opening night they said it the traditional English way, "left-en-ant." Then Sir Laurence Olivier, who presents the play, returned from holiday, and straightaway reminded them of his directive on the subject.

So now the word is said the American way, "loot-en-ant." "I don't care what people will say," declared Sir Laurence. "That is the original pronunciation and that's the way I want it."

But in the Orson Welles film of "Othello," which opened in Rome the other night, Orson, the American—schools his international cast in the British style: "left-en-ant."

(Oxford Dictionary examples give Olivier right; in Shakespeare's time both pronunciations were used).

### In The Picture

★ JAMES HANSON is a remarkable young man from Huddersfield. For some time now 29-year-old Mr. Hanson, who runs a transport business, has found time to travel south to London and take an interest in show business. And have his picture taken with actresses.

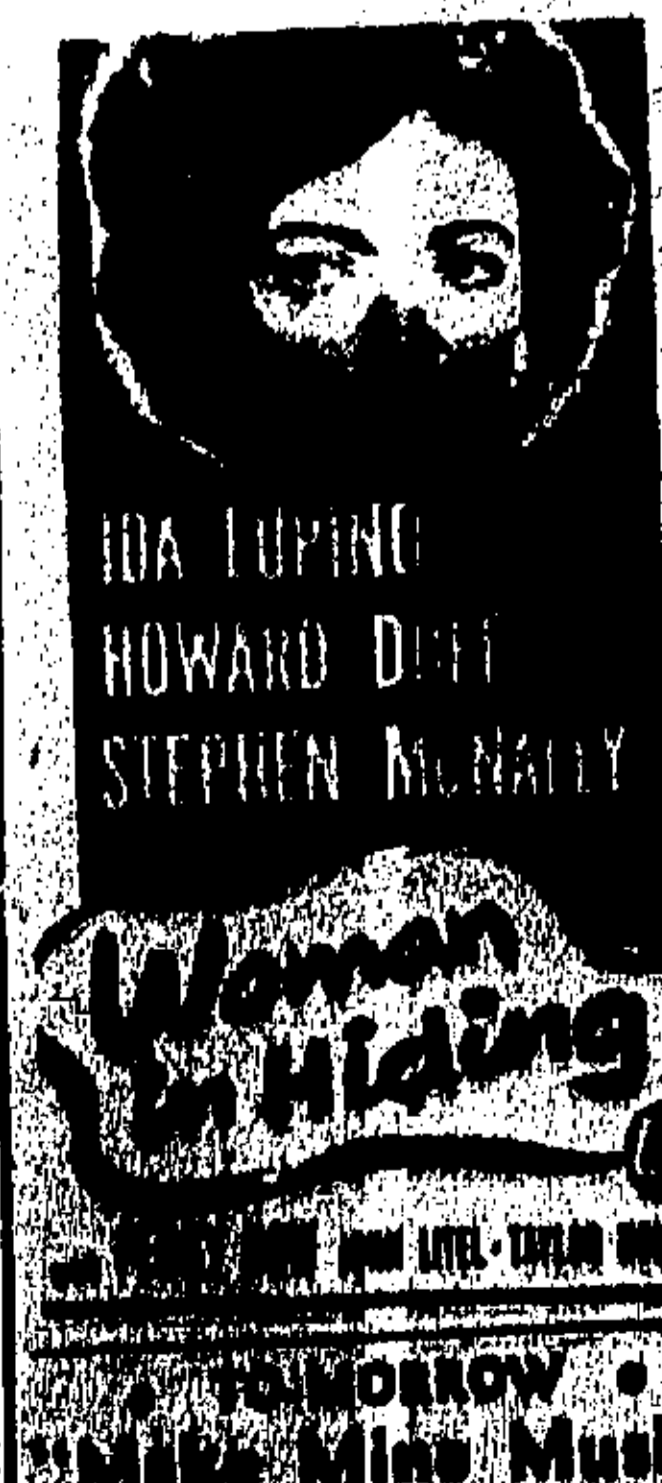
He went to parties and was seen with the stars. His circle became wider, more ambitious. Mr. Hanson played host to Jean Simmons when she went North for a six-day holiday just before she was 21. He was photographed next to her at the theatre, the circus, and a party after a big fight. And Miss Simmons had to deny rumours of "romance."

Now Mr. Hanson has turned up again. In New York this time, with Audrey Hepburn. And now there is an engagement—"but no definite date for marriage."

His pictures with Miss Hepburn, a rapidly rising star, should satisfy anyone's social ambition in show business.

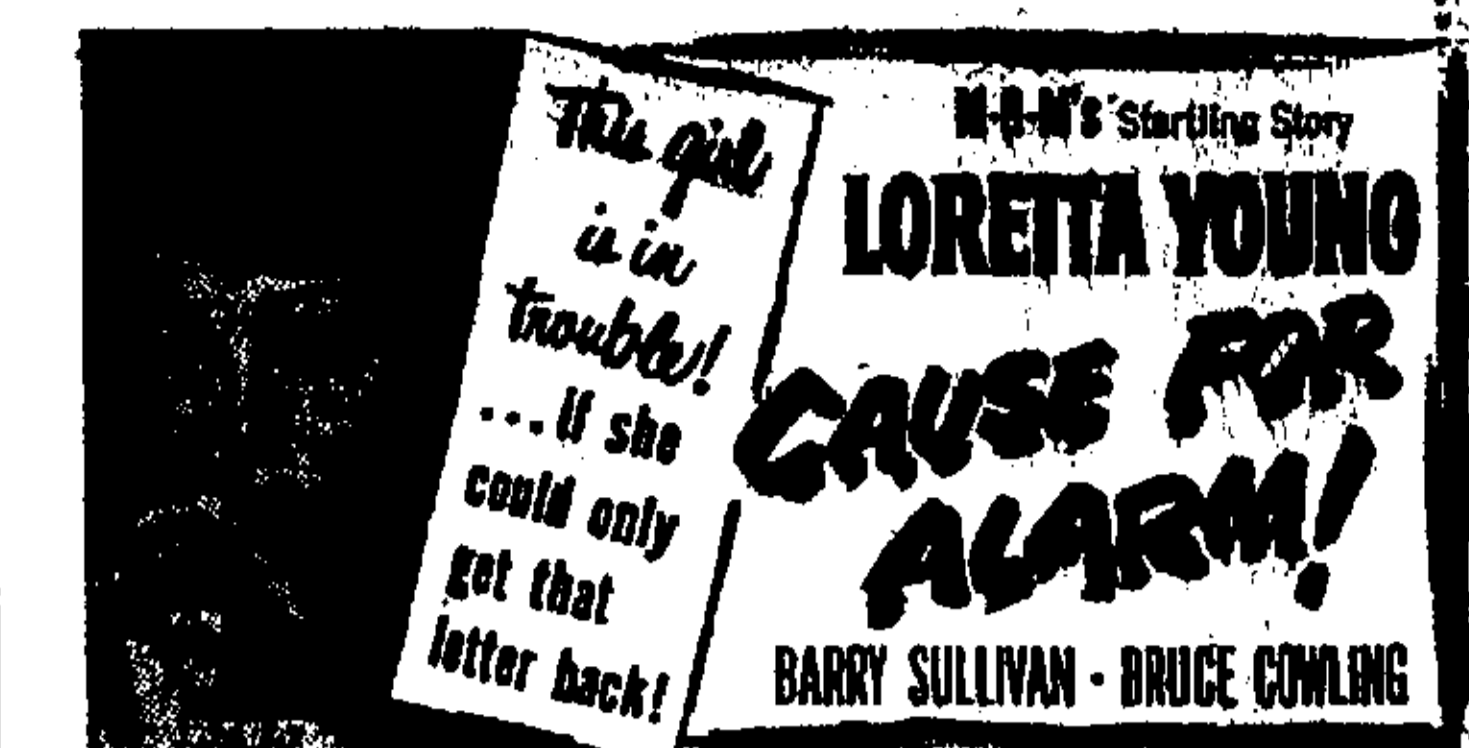


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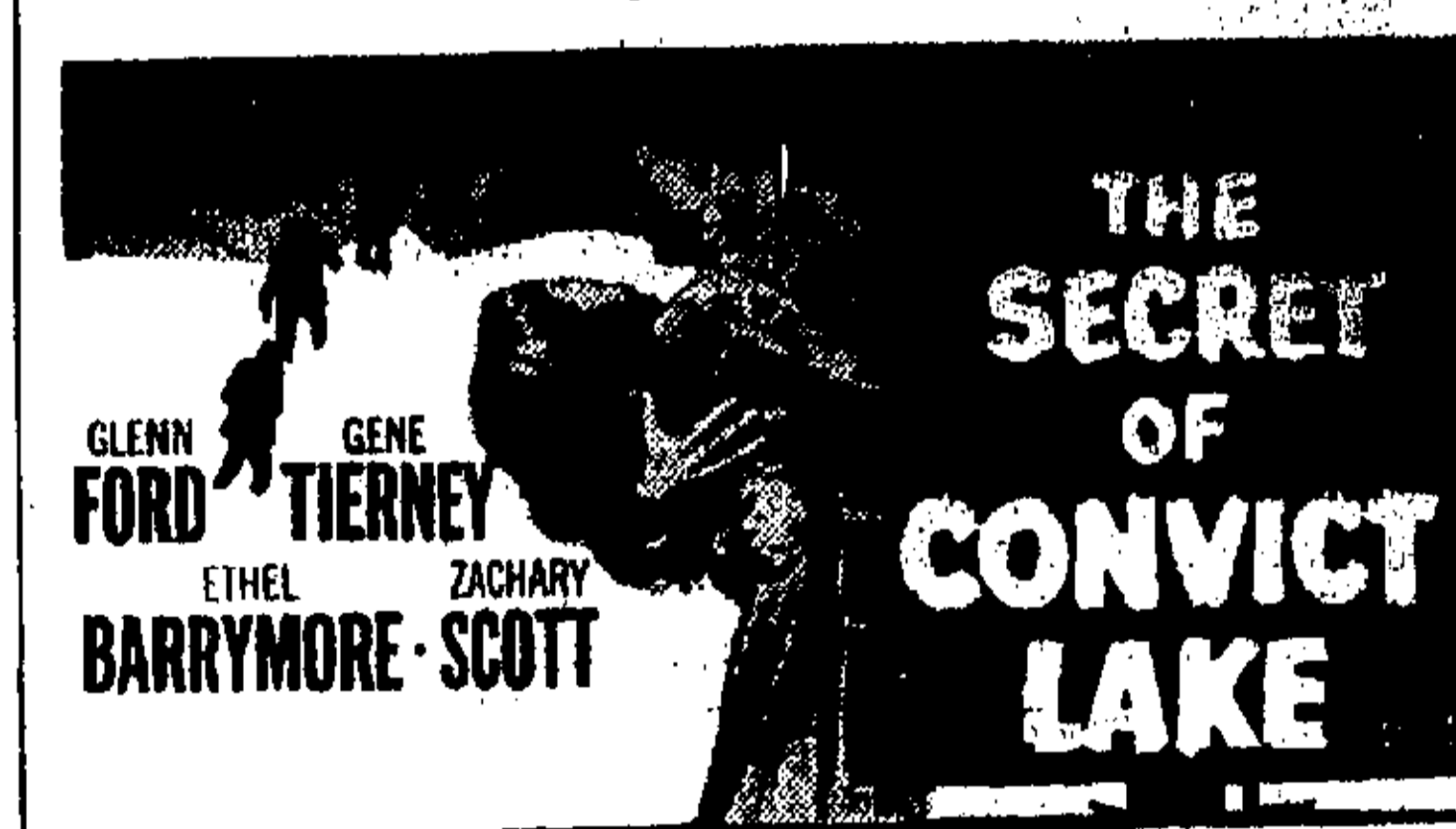
SHOWING TO-DAY QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.



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DOUBLE ATTRACTION  
Most Daring Hold-up in Crime History  
Murder Mystery and 10 Assassinations



# REINDEER ROUNDUP TIME



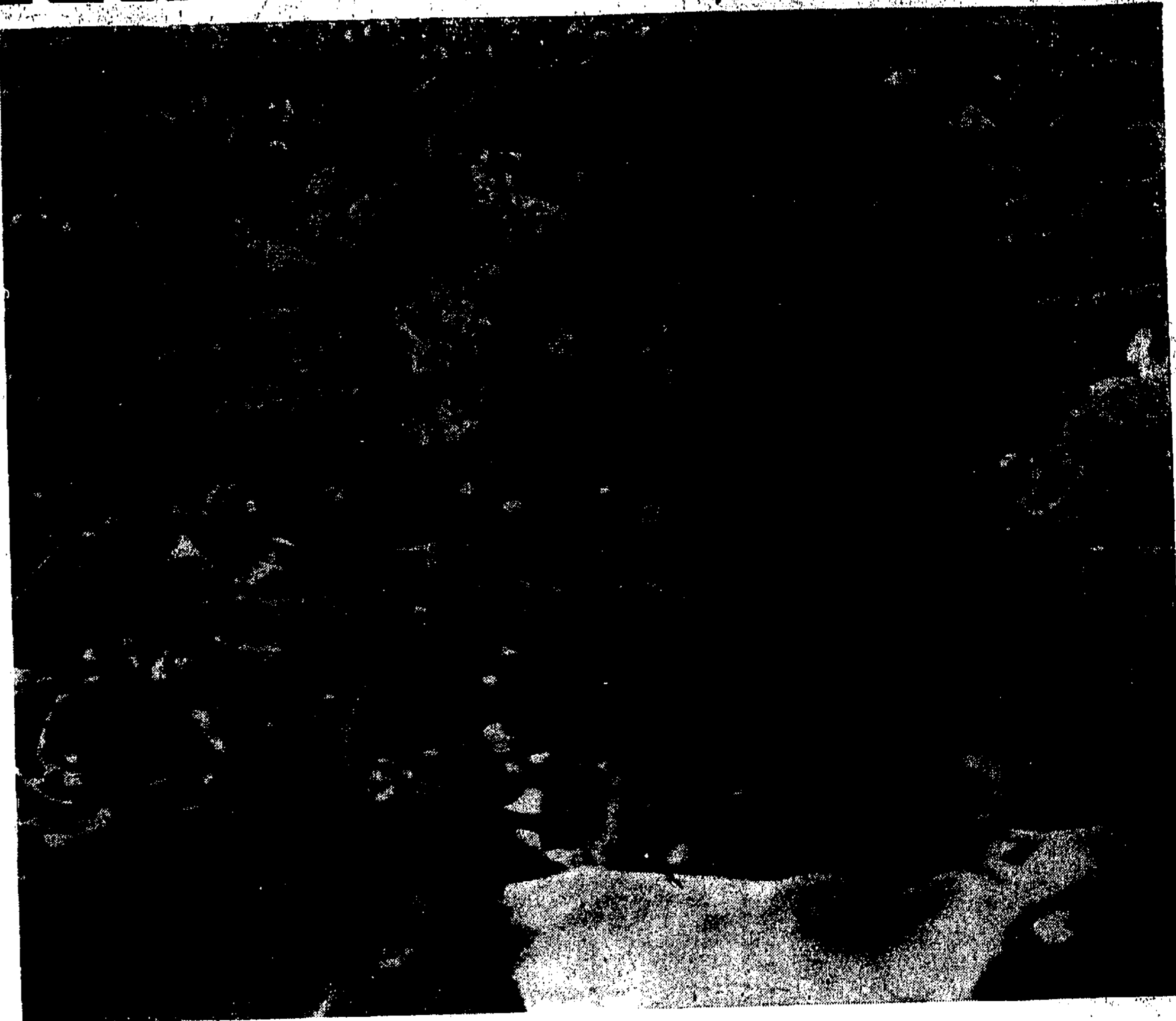
**T**HE YULE is reindeer season, so Santa is busy grooming his swift chargers for their Christmas Eve journey. This year, he has more Dancers, Prancers, Vixens and Dashers than ever before, thanks to Canada's Department of Resources and Development. In 1935, the department became deeply concerned over the jolly old man's dwindling herds and began a programme of conservation that is paying off far beyond expectations.

Santa's "cowhands" are the nomadic Eskimos who depend on the hardy, antlered animals for food and clothing in time of scarcity. After much effort, the natives were convinced of the necessity of rounding up thousands annually to be marked, dipped and inoculated before being set out to graze.

The picture on this page were made on Richards Island, in the Northwest Territories, where a record 5,000 rovers were corralled. Though lacking the regular bronc, britches and 10-gallon hat of their prairie counterparts, the Eskimo "cowboys" snare their charges with speed and skill. Supervised by government experts, they are succeeding in augmenting sparse fish and game supplies, also making sure Santa keeps on schedule.



**WOMEN** and children find the roundup of Santa's steeds a good show to while away an idle afternoon. The reindeer industry inside the Arctic Circle provides them with economic security.



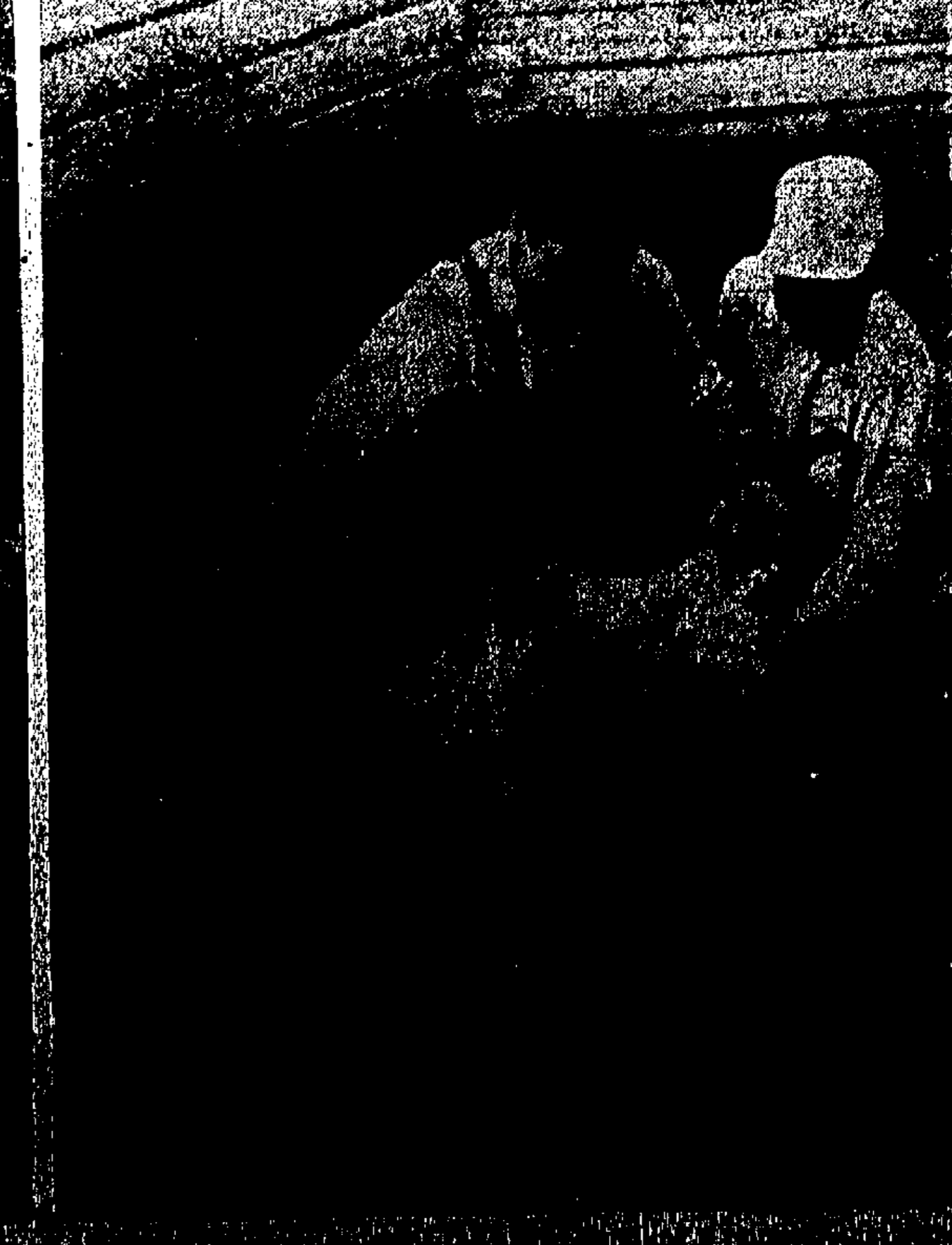
**BLOCKADED** reindeer huddle antler to antler in a large corral on Richards Island before being taken in small groups to the work pens. The albino deer in foreground serves as a marker for the herd against the dun-coloured Arctic tundra, helping Eskimo "cowpunchers" spot them during roundup.

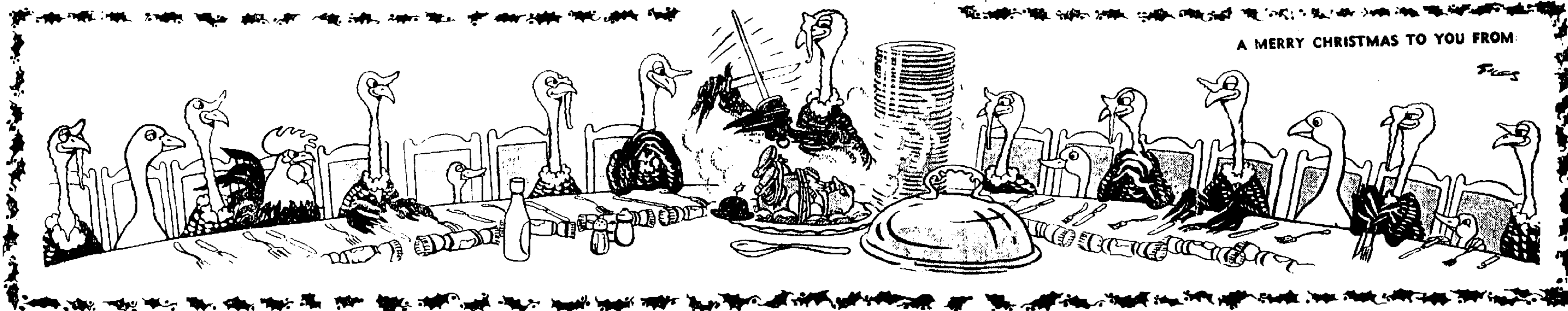


**DURING** the furious chase, Eskimo "cowhands" press a portable canvas fence against hundreds of half-wild reindeer who look like galloping candidates for Santa's sleigh. But they'll look even better to owners if famine should strike



**THUNDERING** through the dust, reindeer head for separate work pens as herdsmen chase them inside the corral. The northern herds are cut up in groups of 200 to 300 for easier handling in pens, where they are marked, dipped, inoculated.





**T**HERE is no lovelier place in all Middle East than the upper part of the Jordan valley in the spring. It is the only place I know in that arid, heart-breaking landscape where there is any breath of gentleness. Renan, in his *Life of Jesus*, says that Jesus, though he came from Nazareth, was always more at home in the Galilee fishing-villages. For Nazareth is a hill-town, bare, stony, and abrupt; but the foothills that fall from the west to the shores of Galilee, only a day's walk from Nazareth, are suave, gentle, and green in season—the right background for a gospel of peace.

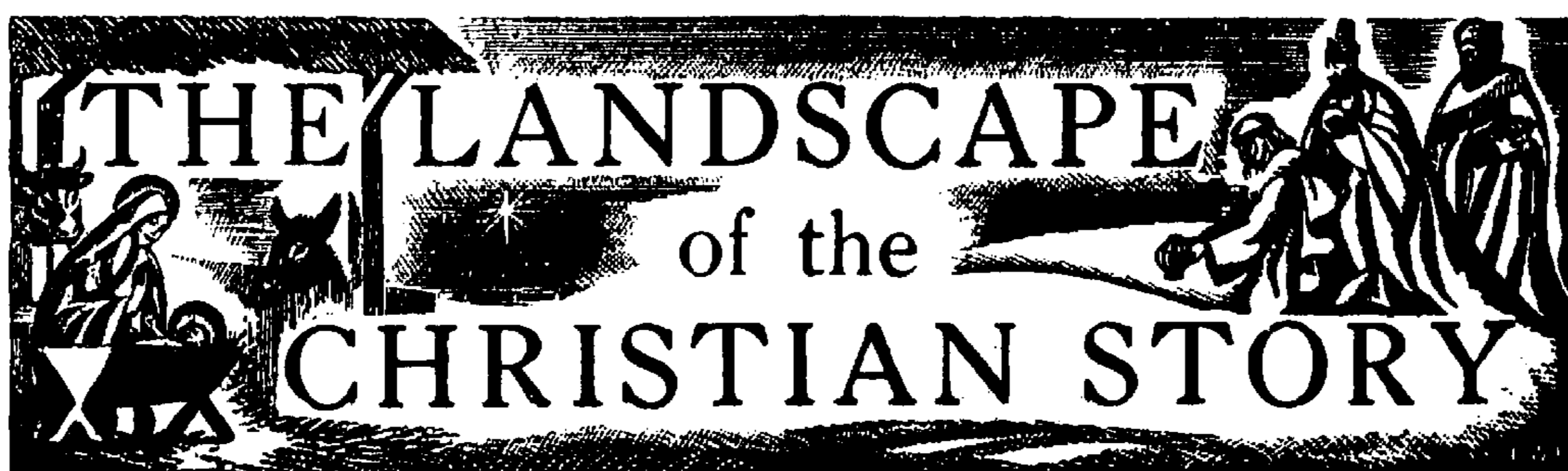
I sat by the lakeside at Tiberias, an untidy village with 2,000 years of history behind it, and a promising future as a watering place, and looked over the water to Mount Hermon, now-capped in April, rising head and shoulders over the northern foothills. Hermon dominates the upper Jordan, and deservedly; for to the summer-long melting of his snow the river owes its perpetual flow.

Without the 9,000 feet of Hermon, Jordan might be

no more than a barren *torra*, a torrent for a week of the year, a string of trackish pools for a month or two, then dry banks and sandy bed. But the great mountain deals out his bounty thriftily, and is rewarded by a green foreground to his majesty. His aspect from this side is not unlike that of Skiddaw, seen from Borrowdale, over Derwentwater.

From Tiberias, I could see a marked distinction between the eastern and the western sides of the valley. The grace is all on the western side. These hills fall in grassy curves to the water's edge; they have shapeliness and variety; a dark crag lowers over Magdala (Mary Magdalene's village); a grove of trees blocks the shore where Andrew and Simon Peter kept their boats.

On the eastern side (Syria to the north, Trans-Jordania further south) the hills are forlorn and featureless, as if the desert had spilled over into the valley. The lower ground slopes tamely to the lake; Gadara was on that bank, and I do not know where the swine



*Renan, in his "Life of Jesus" says that Jesus, though he came from Nazareth, was always more at home in the Galilee fishing-villages. PATRICK MONKHOUSE agrees with this observation, for he says "... the foothills which fall from the west to the shores of Galilee ... are suave, gentle, and green in season—the right background for a gospel of peace."*

found a steep place to run down.

In the trough of the valley it is green all the year round. But the grass on the hillsides hardly outlives May. The winter rains begot it; in the summer sun, it perishes. In the morning, it is green and growing up; in the evening it is withered and cut down. But I have seen nothing like it in the spring.

It is a green shot through with all the colours of the floral palette. There are great, yellow Michaelmas

daisies, so profuse that, at a little distance, they make a lamb of yellow in the green setting. A blue flower like a Canterbury bell competes with the daisies. As you come closer, these long-distance effects yield to the interior colour of the smaller flowers—the piercing blue of the gentians, roppies, in passionate scarlet, wild tulips, anemones, three or four brilliant vetches, a phodel. One can hardly step from the path without trampling down a flower.

The high road climbs the hill beyond Magdala, making for

Rosh Pinnah, and the Syrian frontier, and leaves on its right a hillside which makes a promontory into the lake. This is, by tradition, the Mount of the Temptations. ("Blessed are the poor in spirit"—I think Jesus meant those who prefer in their hearts to be poor because they do not care to be rich; not what we now mean by "poor-spirited.") On this, the Romans built, before the end of the small, domed chapel, and a hotel for pilgrims; it is served by Italian nuns.

From the chapel, a rough path starts down the hillside to Capernaum, and then follows the shore to where the Jordan flows

into the lake. The river here is a clear, placid stream, perhaps forty or fifty feet across, flowing through green meadows.

At the confluence, on the west side, is an Arab village—fifty or sixty dwellings, tents of black goat-skin, sometimes reinforced with a buttress of reeds or by a screen of matted reeds. It is a score or less permanent village, for there is water all the year, but it still looks like an encampment of nomads—all but the house of the head man of the village, a wooden hut, like an army hut, with two rooms and a telephone laid on. His name is Yusuf Khoury. We called on him (I was walking with the local police officer) and found him busy settling accounts with his fishermen.

As we talked, three wildly-blad horsemen, with carbines on their shoulders, trotted along the opposite bank. They are part of a sort of frontier guard maintained, not by the Syrian government, but by the landowner who holds most of the land across the river. I watched them ride away, across the marshy flat which was once the proud city of Bethsaida.

"Woe unto thee, Bethsaida," said Jesus. "For if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon, which had been done in you, they had a great while ago repented, sitting in sackcloth and ashes." But Bethsaida did not repent, and there is now not a stone to show where it stood.

There is little more of Capernaum itself. There survives the mosaic floor and the base of the outer wall of the synagogue where Jesus first stood forward to speak his mind in public; and some fragments of a Roman basilica, a square, squat house which the Franciscans have built to watch over these relics; and two or three shepherd's hovels of stone and turf. That is all.

Upward from Khoury's village, the valley is flat and marshy, and a tireless going as far as Lake Huleh, which you may know better by the ancient name of the Waters of Merom; a pale, milky sheet of water, shaggy with reeds and papyrus. It is better to come to it by the high road, which climbs over the shoulder of the hill above Rosh Pinnah; when you have climbed for half-an-hour or so from the lake, you meet a notice-board which proclaims "sea level."

On the crest is a station of the Trans-Jordan Frontier Force, with their magnificent bay and chestnut horses, and their equally magnificent headgear of black sheepskin, slashed with scarlet, from this post they carry on an endless contest with the drug-smugglers from the north. And then, as you drop into the valley, comes Rosh Pinnah itself, the oldest, I think, of all the modern Jewish settlements in Palestine, more than fifty years old; it has had time to weather into conformity with its background, and prospers unobtrusively.

And above Huleh again, the valley becomes small and intimate. The river forks into four branches, some of them little more than brooks. But the Banias, which is the main stream, springs almost full-grown from a cave on the southern slope of Hermon. Like the Lathkill in Derbyshire or the Shannon on the Lifford hills, and its course is comely and various with glades of oaks and hazel, and shallow gorges of rock, and waterfalls.

In this part of the valley stood Caesarea Philippi, where Jesus gave Peter his great commission ("Upon this Rock I will build my church"). And up the course of the infant Jordan he must have come, a few days later, with Peter and James and John, to scramble through the chestnut woods on the flank of Hermon and to gain the crest, still, perhaps, flecked with winter snow, on the day when the disciples saw him, as Matthew relates, which shines over the shoulder of the hill above Rosh Pinnah; when you have climbed for half-an-hour or so from the lake, you meet a notice-board which proclaims "sea level."

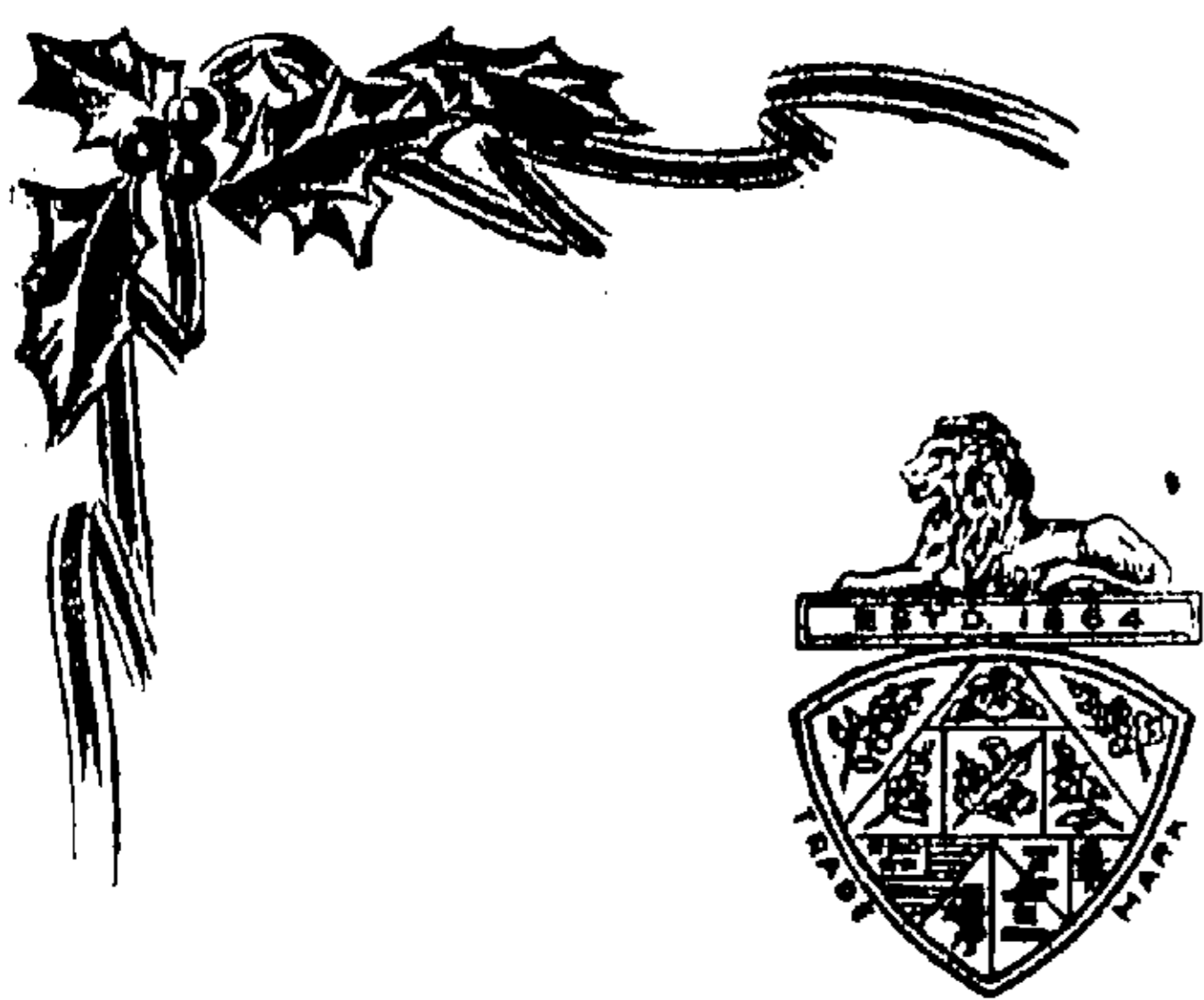
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"A CERTAIN PERSON WAS LAYING THE  
FOUNDATIONS OF A BETTER UNDERSTANDING."

## PARDON ME, YOUR DISC IS SLIPPING

FASHION NOTE by GEORGE SCOTT

IT was bound to happen. In these days when common mental niggles are ennobled by the description "anxiety state," it was only to be expected that a "pain in the back" would receive a more exalted title.

There were always lumbago and sciatica, but they lacked a certain dignity. And there was fibrositis. But the vogue has passed.

Now the "pain in the back" has grown up. With grace and fashion enough it has swept its way from many a Mayfair drawing-room to Harley Street.

Poor Lavinia no longer has "a pain in the back." She has—"isn't it exciting?"—a "slipped disc."

Before the war it was practically unknown as a medical diagnosis. It wasn't that discs didn't slip; it was just that doctors hadn't noticed them.

#### More patients

PROOF? Here are the comparative figures of people treated for slipped disc at a London teaching hospital.

Before 1939: NONE.

1947: 125.

1950: 192.

And to swell the 1951 total comes British heavy-weight boxing hope Ray Wilding. Fashionable complaints have a long reach. Now, what is this ailment?

Doctors call it a lumbar disc lesion. A disc is a cartilage—a sort of shock absorber—separating the small bones that make up the spine.

When a disc is slipped it means that one of these cartilages—usually in the lower part of the spine—has been crushed, fragmented or dislocated.

It can be caused by a sudden muscular strain—the lifting of a heavy weight, or heel-skid.

But the pain though often acute, is like that caused by lumbago, sciatica, or fibrositis. And an X-ray can't always reveal the difference. Here is a poor man's guide, in one sentence, for those who may be in doubt: If you are suffering as a result of exposure to damp and cold, or from prolonged strain, the chances are that you have lumbago or sciatica—not a slipped disc.

The best way to avoid a disc trouble—as with many other conditions of the back—is not to slouch when sitting or standing. Bad posture starts the discs, and that is where backache of most sorts begins.

And watch how you push and pull and lift things. Don't strain those discs.

#### Age toughens it

PEOPLE between 25 and 45 are most likely to get a slipped disc, say the doctors. And men more often than women. After 45 the spine gets less yielding, and lumbago more fashionable.

But if it does happen to you, if you feel something go "all of a sudden," giving a sharp, fierce pain, then it is best for you on your back for quite a time.

Most likely treatment is a plaster cast and jacket round the legs and spine. And rest.

Sometimes, as a last resort, the doctors decide to operate to remove the slipped disc.

One North London doctor suggested that the cause of many backaches was bad diet. "It's certainly tied up with it somewhere," he said. But just how he was not sure.

"And shoes," he said. "Men should wear higher heels. It's not natural to walk on your heels."

He also said that apart from those doctors who said "slipped disc" at the least opportunity, there were three schools of thought among medical men.

(1) Those who think a slipped disc does not happen nearly as often as some of their colleagues suggest.

(2) Orthopedic specialists who do not think it exists at all.

(3) Physiotherapists who are bothered by people mistakenly certain they have slipped discs—and determined to be cured in nothing less than half a dozen visits. Busy people, they say, can be put right in two visits; but shouldn't go round claiming to have had a slipped disc.

#### Too common

WHY the fashion? One doctor said: "After all, one can't have appendicitis now, can one? It's so common that four children in the same family at Weymouth have it all at the same time. And a fifth is under observation for it. And a sixth is suspected of having it."

"Most of my patients are the world's workers and they haven't got time to consider the delights of a slipped disc. A pain in the back is still good enough for them."

## SOME TWELFTH NIGHT LEGENDS RETOLD

by  
**GEOFFREY BRIGHT**

WE all look back with tender wistfulness to our childhood and its fancies, and the older we get, the greater becomes the pleasure in recalling, if only for a brief moment, the incidents that seemed so wonderful to our childish minds—the stories of fairies and hobgoblins that sent a thrill down our little spines at the hour of bedtime.

Perhaps that is why the films created by Walt Disney have such an appeal to all cinema-goers between the ages of seven and seventy. Perhaps that is why the season of Christmas is of such importance to men and women of good will the world over. It gives us an excuse to throw off, for a short while each year, the cares and anxieties of this troubled world; to allow our minds to conjure up the lovely legends and stories that have grown up round this most important Christian festival, and which have formed an integral part of the lives of men and women down the ages.

It is said that when Joseph of Arimathea ended his wanderings with the Holy Grail at Glastonbury, in Somerset, he stuck his staff in the ground and it blossomed immediately. In the course of time, pilgrims carried cuttings to various parts of the west country, where they were planted and became the objects of great veneration. Very few have existed down to the present day, but there are reports of at least six in Herefordshire, and I know of two.

One of them is only some five miles from my home. It is quite unlike any native species of thorn, being bush-like, with stems intertwined, and very thorny. In consequence, it is held in great respect by the locals owing to its resemblance to the wood in Christ's crown of thorns. It blossoms exactly at twelve o'clock in the night of old Christmas Eve, or Twelfth Night, as it was more commonly called by our ancestors and William Shakespeare.

Yes, the buds actually open at the midnight hour, and year after year, people go to see the phenomenon. Perhaps you will say that the heat generated by a number of people with lanterns and torches causes the buds to unfold, or that it is an hallucination. Well, you would be wrong, because last year the bush I am referring to blossomed on the one side only, and there were people standing on both sides of the hedge.

I am afraid the annual visitation is not too popular with the farmer, because, in the dark, a number of people are apt to trample down the fences and walk across the young wheat, as the object of their pilgrimage is about four fields from the highway.

It is recorded of one farmer, away in the east of the county, that he was so annoyed at the crowd of people that came to see the blossom that he had the bush cut down. The next year he broke his arm, and soon afterwards his leg; not long after that, part of the farm-house was burnt down, and all these calamities were looked upon by the country people in the light of a "judgment."

I know a middle-aged woman, a hopeless cripple, whose affliction is attributed to her neighbourhood to the fact that she picked a spray of blossom from the Holy Thorn on Twelfth Night, when she was a girl in her teens. So you see how deep-rooted are our beliefs in the supernatural.

Another Twelfth Night legend is the adoration of the cattle. Many folk believe that

they kneel down at midnight, in remembrance of Christ's birth. Oh, yes; they believe it to this day. I talked with an old lady just before the war, who vowed to me that she had seen it happen, although she admitted that only a few of the cattle in the particular stall she visited were in a kneeling posture at midnight. I suppose the sceptics would explain that away by pointing out that cattle always arise from the lying position by getting on to their hind legs first, and, therefore, look as if they are kneeling, before heaving themselves up on to their front legs, and it was just a coincidence that a few of them decided to get up at the psychological moment.

It sounds reasonable, but my friend, Mrs. Ellis, was quite convinced that they did kneel at midnight, although she confessed she did not want to see any more. She was so frightened that she ran back to the house.

We still have Morris Dancers in Herefordshire at Christmas, although Boxing Day, the day after Christmas, is the great day for Morris Dancing. In recent years, the standard of dancing has much improved, owing to the revival of folk dancing among women's institutes.

The author of an old pamphlet, describing a Morris Dance at Hereford Racecourse in 1809, says "Middlesex men for tricks above ground; Essex men for the hay, Lancashire for hornpipes; Worcester for bagpipes; but Hereford men for the Morris Dance..."

He goes on to describe the dresses; the musicians had long coats with hoop sleeves gathered at the elbows, white stockings, white and red roses on their shoes, the one six, a white Jew's cap with a jewel and a long red feather, the other six, a scarlet Jew's cap and a white feather. The Whiffles had long red-and-white staves; their job was to keep order; they also had a fool with a bell tied on behind.

I suppose it was the Christmas wrapping paper that made me think of the old legend connected with mistletoe. It is only comparatively recently that mistletoe has become part of our decorations; formerly, it was considered unlucky to bring it into the house.

Only last year, as I was gathering a bough of mistletoe in my orchard, I offered a few

In a few churches, it is usual to ring a muffled peal on Holy Innocent's Day, or Childermas, as we call it; that is a memorial to the babies murdered by order of King Herod. Oh yes, we have long memories in Herefordshire, and many old customs and legends, and the older we grow the more precious they become, for they help to take us out of ourselves.

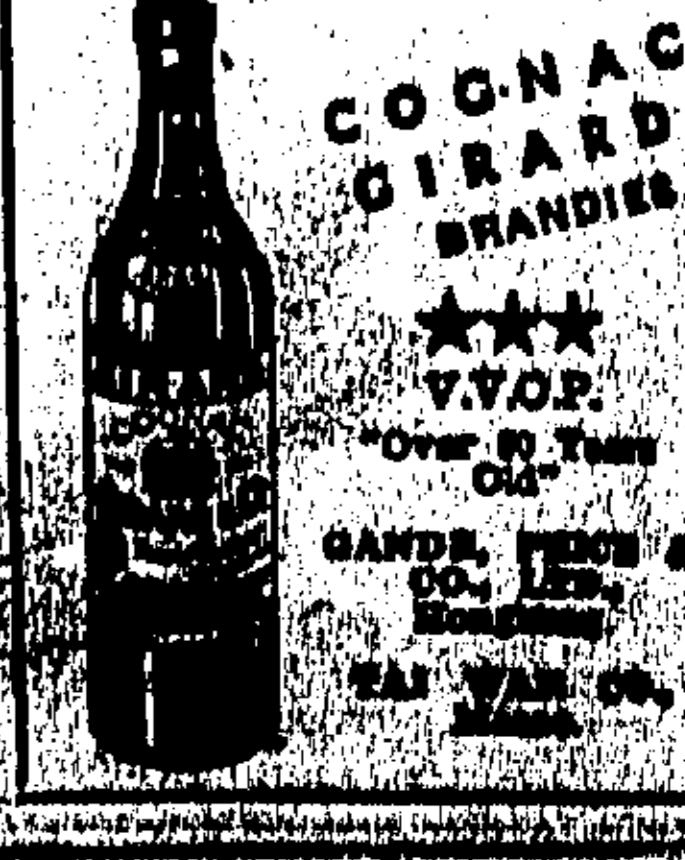
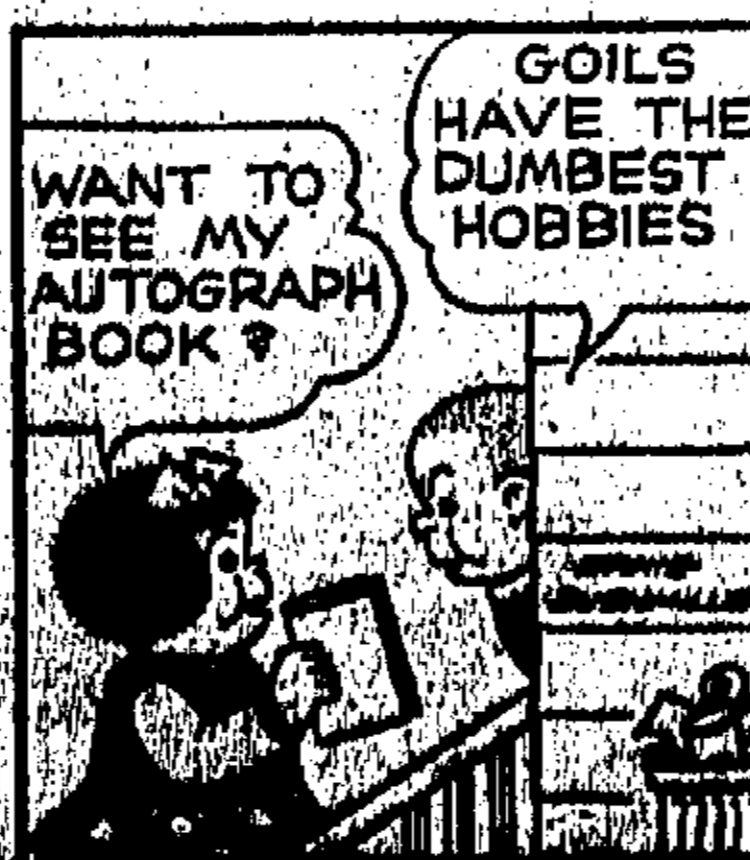
So for a brief spell this Christmas I am going to be a kid once again. I am going to pay my annual visit to the Holy Thorn. In fact, I intend to make my Christmas as happy as I can, and I advise you to do the same.



London Express Service

#### NANCY

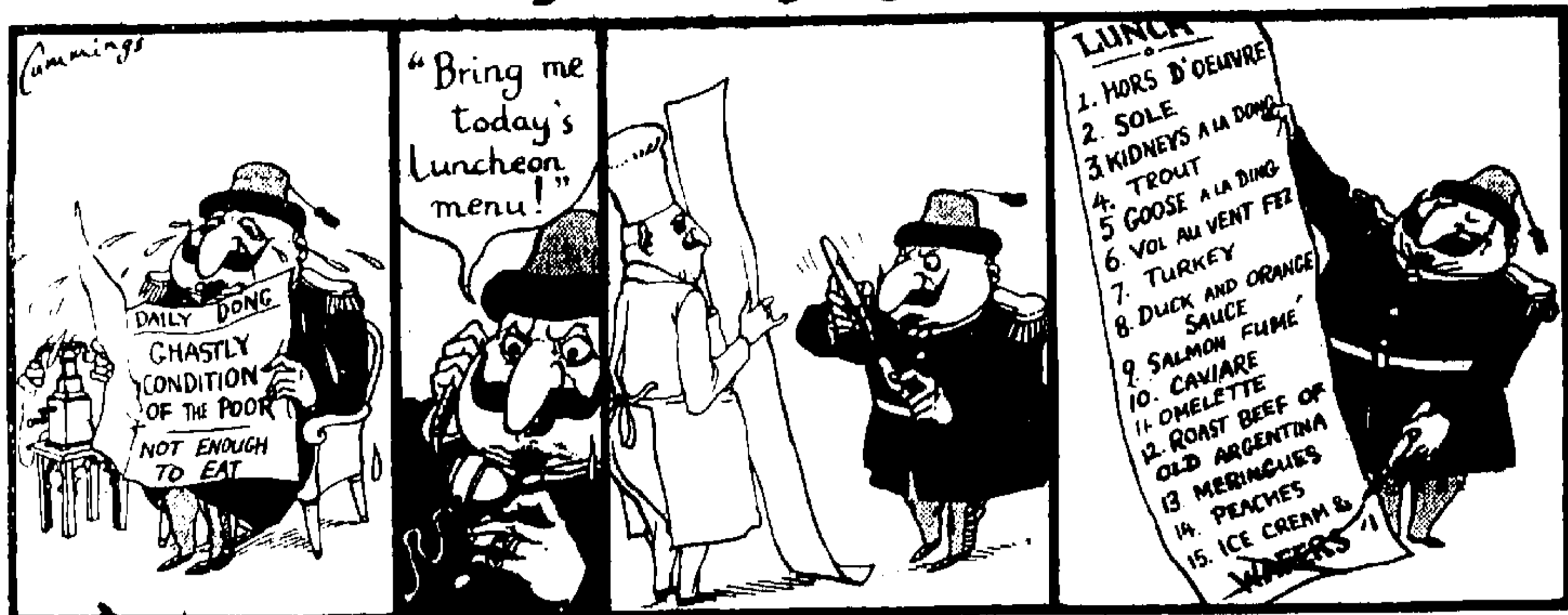
Nice Pickup, But —



By Ernie Bushmiller



## The Ding of Dong tightens his belt



London Express Service

## A Box of Chocolates

CHRISTMAS SHORT STORY  
By EDNA HETMAN

"THE situation is desperate, but not serious," said Pierre.

Yvette sighed. "You with your ill-placed sense of humour. There is the rent to pay next week, and tomorrow is Christmas, and I don't think there will be anything to eat. Fifty-seven francs is all I have. And you say it is not serious!"

"Darling, but that's nothing! The worst is that I can't execute the commission of the crazy millionaire who wants real paintings as wallpaper for his winter-garden—palms, coconuts and cacti on coarse yellow silk. But first he wants to see how it looks against the walls. If I only had a few thousand francs to buy some material and to show him a few yards of the painting, he would grant me an advance.

"As it is, I shall lose the commission. This is why I said the situation is desperate, but it is not really serious as we still have the princely sum of 57 francs.

"I tell you what we'll do: for 10 francs they will give us some holly and perhaps a little bit of mistletoe, and so our room will look like Christmas and smell like Christmas. Leave 47 francs for bread—and there is some coffee left—we shall have quite a banquet! Have a little imagination, sweetheart! We shall eat our bread and imagine it is smoked salmon, and lobster, and turkey, and ice-cream, and whatever your heart desires. Nothing is too expensive for my beloved wife!"

MONSIEUR LEROY was furious.

"A fine surprise, that!" he stormed. "This is just like your uncle Lucien. He has heaps of money—earned in the dirtiest possible way, I suppose—you invite him to dinner whenever he comes to town, which is about ten times this year, and this is his Christmas present! A small box of chocolates, and the cheapest

kind at that. Do with them whatever you like, throw them away, I won't touch them!"

"Don't be excited," said Madame Leroy. "Perhaps he will send us a real present for the New Year. I think I shall give this to Madame Durand, I owe her a small present anyway, she has lent me her lawn mower several times."

"No, thank you. This is the kind of a present just good enough to give away. Send it over to old Mr. Jerome in the attic, he has fixed our wireless the other day and wouldn't take any money."

MONSIEUR Jerome was quite moved at the kindness of his neighbours. How charming of the Durands to send him a Christmas present! Of course, he'd sooner have had some cigarettes, his teeth were not what they used to be, but Mr. Durand could not know that. What on earth was he to do with the chocolates? Perhaps the young people next door, the painter and his wife—she is so nice and she looks as if she had a sweet tooth—but would she not think him obtrusive? Oh, well, she need not know who gave her the present, it will be a surprise!

Yvette has always a nice smile for funny old Monsieur Jerome who looks at her as if they had a secret to share. Madame Durand cannot understand why Madame Leroy turns her head whenever they meet in the street. The woman used to be so friendly and even sent her a Christmas present—why on earth does she hate her now?

"Is it still the salmon we are eating, or is it the turkey?" inquired Pierre, taking very small bites of his bread crust.

"Silly, don't you see it is already the ice cream—there isn't any bread, I mean any ice cream left."

Then somebody knocked at the door. Yvette opened it. There was nobody in sight, but a little parcel hung from the door-knob.

"Look, it was Santa Claus! And it is chocolates! Hurrah! Now we are going to have a real dessert for our banquet!"

As the imaginary turkey had not satisfied their appetites, the sweets disappeared in an incredibly short time.

"This is a nice box, I can use it for my brushes," said Pierre, taking out the tissue paper. "Oh, there is a letter, quite a fat one. Heavens! What a lot of money—one, two, three—Yvette! Ten thousand francs! Oh, please, box my ears—no, don't, if it is a dream I don't want to wake up yet, I must buy a yard of yellow silk first! And here is a card..."

"My dear children," it ran, "I wanted to buy you a nice present, but I cannot find out what you would really like. Please, buy it yourselves. A merry Christmas."

PIERRE has got his commission and is painting green palm trees on coarse yellow silk.

Yvette has always a nice smile for funny old Monsieur Jerome who looks at her as if they had a secret to share.

Madame Durand cannot understand why Madame Leroy turns her head whenever they meet in the street. The woman used to be so friendly and even sent her a Christmas present—why on earth does she hate her now?

## Wanted: New Drink Test For Motorists

By Chapman Pincher

LONDON. Chalk lines or say tongue-twisters. It must be a test based on a legal definition of "under the influence."

Only one definition would be accurate and fair they believe—a definition based directly on the quantity of alcohol in the motorist's blood.

At a certain concentration of alcohol in the blood everyone is 'under the influence' irrespective of habituation to drink, scientists from Wakefield's Forensic Laboratory have told the Medico-Legal Society in London.

## DANGER LIMIT

Authorities like Sir Sydney Smith, Professor of Forensic Medicine at Edinburgh University, would fix the critical concentration of alcohol at 0.15 percent—a condition half-way between "dry and decent" and "delighted and devilish" on the chart.

This condition of partial intoxication is rapidly reached after taking three double whiskies.

Other authorities would fix a much lower danger limit.

Road trials have proved that expert drivers with as little as 0.05 percent of alcohol in their blood—the result of drink-

ing a pint of beer—are substantially slower in operating the clutch, brake, and accelerator.

With double this amount of alcohol they needed 50 percent more road space to brake a car to a sudden stop than when cold sober.

None of the people taking part in the trials could have been diagnosed as "under the influence" by existing tests.

The reason why alcohol and petrol make a dangerous mixture is clear-cut.

The alcohol in a couple of drinks affects not only the rapidly with which a driver can operate his hand and feet. It also warps his judgment.

And judgment warped by alcohol is a greater cause of crashes than clumsiness at the controls.

The quick drink, which makes you feel that life is not so bad, convinces you that it is not so dangerous to overtake on a bend.

After one large whisky motorists drive much more rapidly than usual in trials. And they did not realise they were driving faster.

Nobody drives better after drink. People who believe they do only drive more spectacularly, and therefore more dangerously.

Two tests are under consideration for possible adoption as convincing evidence in British courts:—

1 A direct measure of the alcohol in the blood and other body fluids.

2 A breath test carried out by an American device known as the "Drunkometer."

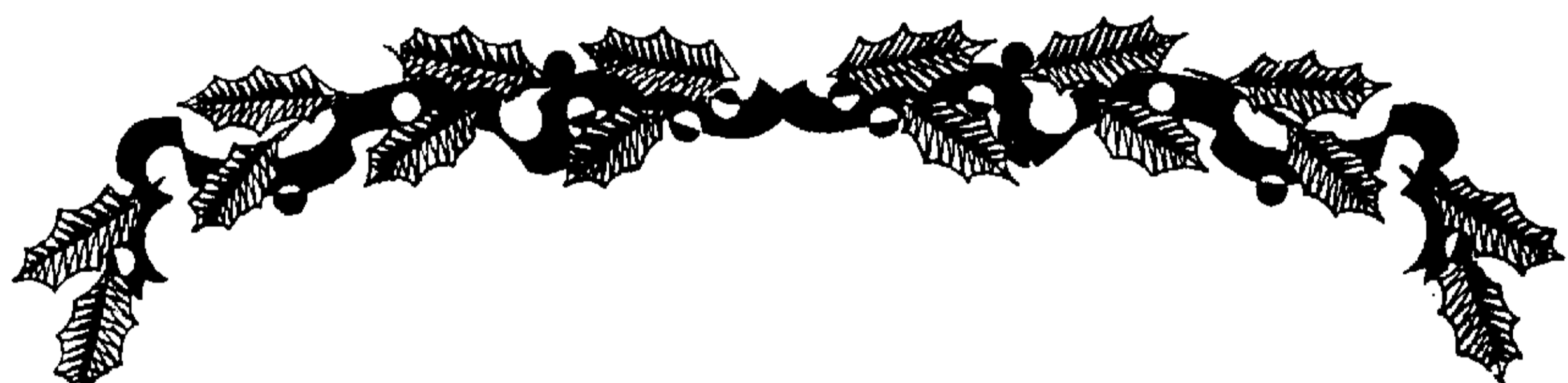
## BALLOON TEST

A driver suspected of being intoxicated blows up a balloon attached to the device which is small enough to be carried in a policeman's pocket. The breath in the balloon then bubbles slowly through a tube filled with purple liquid.

If the liquid loses its colour in 90 seconds there must be enough alcohol in the driver's blood to influence his judgment, scientists maintain.



"No more for me, thanks. I've got to drive."



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Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness . . ."

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WHOLE SMOKED HAMS, 12-16 lbs. \$4.20 per lb.

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WHOLE AUSTRALIAN MILD CURED HAMS \$3.75 per lb.

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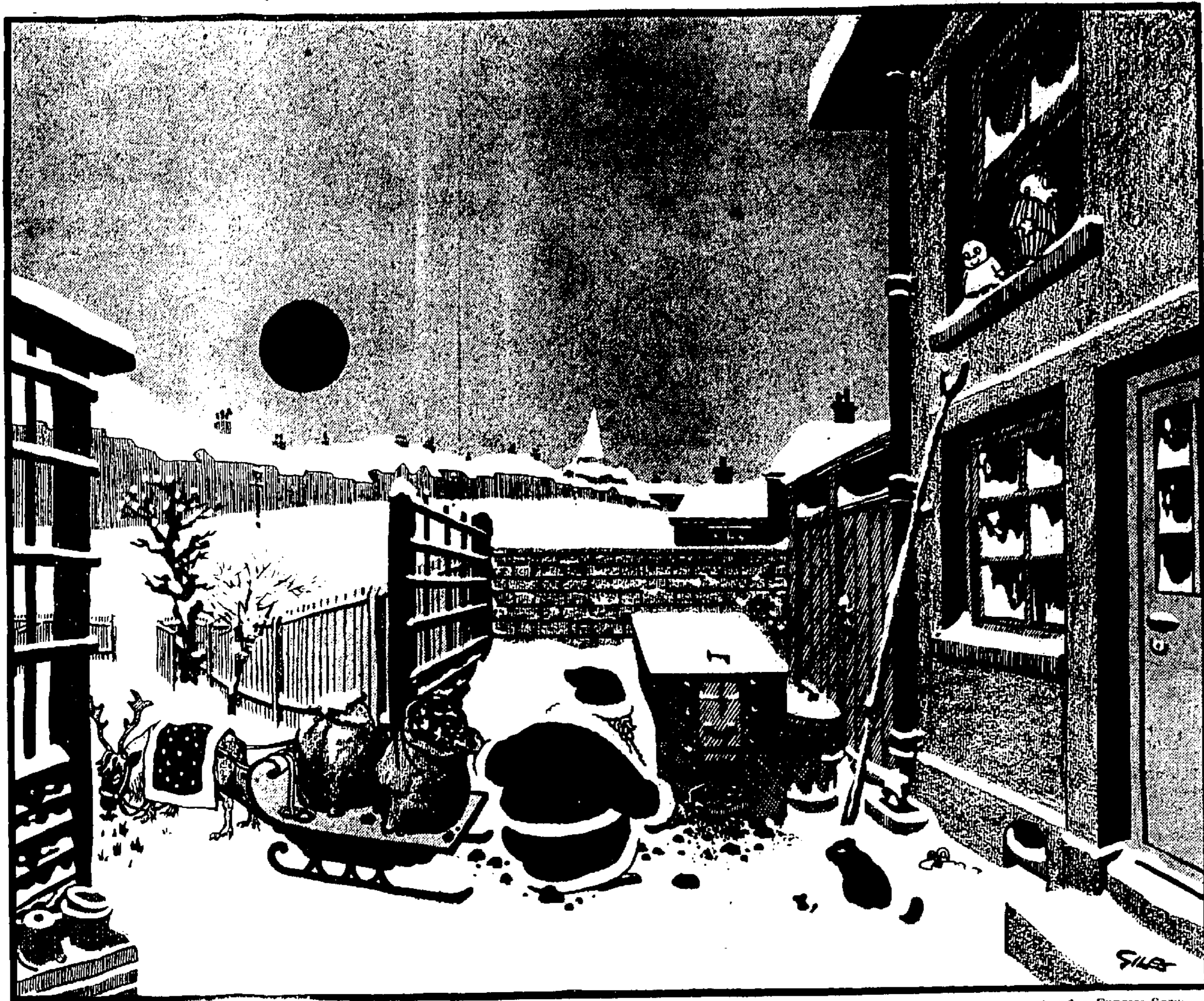
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"Dad — he's pinching our coal."

London Express Service

'Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to mind'

By DOUGLAS COBBAN

THE ingrate who represents the ubiquity of the Scot would be puzzled no doubt if told that these opening words of Auld Lang Syne represent for the Scot, at home or abroad, an unending challenge to him in his relations with the rest of mankind. Believe me, it weighs heavily upon him, year in, year out. With the exception, of course, of one night in the year—Hogmanay. Wherever he may be that night, he then becomes as free a man as ever Robbie Burns could have wished for. His spirit soars, untrammelled.

Gone for this one glorious night are the cares he shoulders for the world during the previous 364 days. Gone are the so-called nationalist inhibitions attributed to him—drowned (literally may be) in the spirit of his all-encompassing compassion for mankind. It can be argued by the less enlightened that the aforesaid spirit seems to be pretty doubly bottled-up except for the saving Hogmanay Nicht. We'll let that pass.

BEFORE engaging in some recollections, pleasant and otherwise, of Hogmanay celebrated in exile, it may be advisable to guide the uninitiated a little further into the mysteries of the Great Occasion.

Hogmanay may have its gleeful opening (as I, with some regret, can vouch) at any time in the 24 hours preceding the midnight welcome to the New Year. The celebration's end, on the other hand, is entirely dependent on individual capacities, in quite a variety of directions. These range from intake of ginger beer (for the youngsters, chiefly) to the devouring of the traditional Black Bun—a solid, guaranteed indulgence for many hours of the New Year—and requiring

liberal liquidation. I would prescribe Scotch). Churlish Sassenach souls are prone to suggest that

the real inspiration of Hogmanay is to be found in the opening—rather opened—Scots bars (they call them pubs in England). What of it? It is to be remembered, after all, that on New Year's Day itself not a drop of spirit can be secured in any Scottish bar to give the New Year the necessary auspicious start. New Year's Day is a holiday for all Scotland—for the innkeeper as well as the brewer.

Which brings me right down to the amazing business of celebrating Hogmanay in the places of this earth where one can get a drink, if one is so thirstily inclined on New Year's Day. Amazing? Well, admittedly the viewpoint depends on how effectively or ineffectually Hogmanay itself has been celebrated. The New Year's Day "drapple" from some kindly bottle, might earn the adjective comforting in certain post-Hogmanay circumstances. "Hair of the dog" is the more crude and usual way of expressing the sentiment, I believe.

THERE'S a fine romantic flavour in recollection of our Hogmanays spent as an exile. Ever been on Coney Island on Hogmanay? I haven't. But I bet it's fun. Blackpool, Brighton, Festival Battersea—throw them all in and they could not offer more, I swear, than the "Coney Island" party staged by American friends on the last Hogmanay spent in Baghdad. All the fun of the fair—and what Scot doesn't enjoy that—was to hand. There may not have been unlimited supplies of native-born Scotch available—the war was but over and the "crab" still costly and scarce. Highballs of Canadian eye and high-lings, however, mixed excellently in this American sample of a real Scots, "let-the-hair-down, Hogmanay revel."

Only one thing was missing, a bit of Scots dancing. That was made up for, before dawn, however, in continued celebrations on the home front of resident Scots in the Capital of the Colaba, Bango, to their shades, which must have been more than a little rattled by the unwonted Hogmanay company of that memorable night.

The mind also turns with no little pleasure to that first Hogmanay night in Baghdad when we left the Old Year and entered the New Year—and requiring

fine river in time to welcome the New Year on the opposite bank. The mellowness of the occasion did not dim recognition of the loveliness of the midnight hour, with the full moon's rays filtering through the palms to silver the historic waters. And what recked we if the occasion did provide our dusky boatman, full of the guile of his illustrious ancestor, All Baba, with easy opportunity to extort from a Scotsman for once—the film ad lib. The Hogmanay worth the price in memories.

There have been other queerly situated Hogmanays. Hogmanay, for example, with the time-honoured maintaining monotonous rivalry with the drone of bagpipes as we went a congo-ing round a huge bonfire in the African "bush." A fire in the African "bush," with fire-works as substitute for lanterns to help carry out the traditional "firs, fooling" before daybreak. Back, still earlier, to a Hogmanay with spuriously jovial spirits awaiting the crash of the next terrorist's bomb—in the hallowed "peace" of Jerusalem. The crash that never came, however. The spirit of Hogmanay proved strong

enough, for that one night, anyway, to embrace the Holy City in a full, if uneasy, amity.

In memory's revivings, nothing stands out more disturbingly than our first Hogmanay in England, and our first in Exile! It will be charitable, no doubt, to make clear that it was at an early stage in World War II, and that this particular Hogmanay found us in what seemed on the night to be the loneliest Ack-Ack site ever.

★  
THERE we were in this South-Eastern England camp—two lone, newly-arrived Scots, surrounded by a regiment of indifferent Englishmen, and a few yet more indifferent Welshmen, whose sole concern was bed.

Bed! On Hogmanay! It took hours to get ourselves accustomed to the shock. In the end we, too, found there was no escape but bed (the term, of course, being used euphemistically). By the light of a torch, my fellow-sufferer and myself shared the only bottle of beer the early-closing Neaf had left

after all the Christmas revelries. As our watches signalled midnight, we drank from a bottle of Scotch—all that was left in the by then.

To the accompanying snores in the freezing hut we toasted the New Year in in hoarse croaks that fortunately did not rate the subconscious of nearby "authority" we had the temerity to render a stanza of Lang Syne.

"We'll tak a cup o' kindness  
For the days o' Auld Lang Syne."

What a Hogmanay! Across the space between our beds two hands clasped in sympathy. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot!" I fell asleep wondering.....

## THE FIRST CRACKER

IN 1880 Tom Smith looked at a Yuletide log burning in an open fireplace, heard it crackle and had an idea. He changed the Christmas cracker with a piece of twisted paper with a sugar almond in the centre to a shape we know today and put a detonator in the centre to make the "crackle".

Today 300 pairs of nimble hands are working at top speed at the factory off Finsbury-square E.C., making crackers which vary in size from three inches to seven feet. The work is all done by hand and the hands are those of girls who have become so expert that they put together the 12 pieces of paper in each cracker with lightning speed.

There was, too, the expensive seasonal gift to Queen Victoria from an Oriental potentate which somewhat embarrassed and amused her. He thought that the Queen's meals, like his own, were cooked in her private apartment. Until his death he sent the Queen a silver frying pan every December and was proud to receive a carefully worded and courteous acknowledgment. A hint seems to have been dropped eventually for his successor sent her a shawl each year.

December 25 must have been a most disappointing day for the wife of an American millionaire the year he was seeking a divorce. For months he had been trying to "have the necessary papers served on her, but she had hidden them away. Came that fateful Christmas morn. There on the wife's breakfast table was a large box resplendent in all its colourful trappings. The excitement of the occasion overcame her usual caution. She opened the box and out dropped a summons for divorce, duly served and accepted.

## CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR FESTIVITIES.

### HONGKONG HOTEL

XMAS EVE—December 24th  
GALA DINNER DANCE  
till 2 a.m.

BOXING DAY —  
December 26th  
SPECIAL DINNER DANCE

NEW YEAR'S EVE —  
December 31st  
GALA DINNER DANCE  
till 2 a.m.

NEW YEAR'S DAY —  
January 1st, 1952  
USUAL DINNER DANCE.



### PENINSULA HOTEL

XMAS EVE—December 24th  
GALA DINNER DANCE  
till 2 a.m.

NEW YEAR'S EVE —  
December 31st  
GALA DINNER DANCE  
till 2 a.m.

NEW YEAR'S DAY —  
January 1st, 1952  
DINNER with Classical Music.

### REPULSE BAY HOTEL

XMAS EVE—December 24th  
GALA DINNER DANCE  
till 2 a.m.

XMAS DAY—December 25th  
SPECIAL TEA DANCE  
4.30—6.30 p.m.

NEW YEAR'S EVE —  
December 31st  
GALA DINNER DANCE  
till 2 a.m.

NEW YEAR'S DAY —  
January 1st, 1952  
SPECIAL TEA DANCE  
4.30—6.30 p.m.



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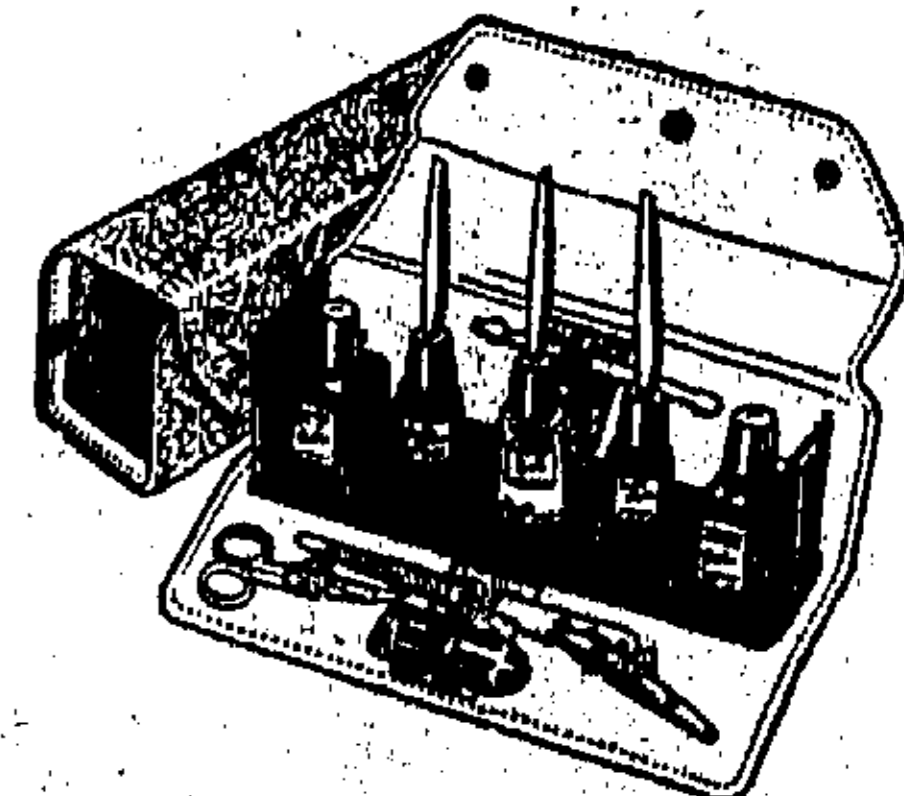
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## By CHARLES REID ENGLAND'S FIRST FAT CHRISTMAS

NOT fat for everybody, agreed. The Christmas Eve newspapers reported that within one week a Camden Town labourer's wife, aged thirty-nine, and eight babies elsewhere in London had died from exhaustion for want of proper nourishment. In plain English they had starved to death.

Such cases were, however, an anomalous hangover from the Hungry Forties. For most Britons Christmas 1851 was comparatively good. Even the parish pauper was given something to eat. In Cobbett's phrase, "the whole of the harvest had been down a sixpence" the four pound loaf, lowest price of the century. This may seem no great boon from today's viewpoint, but for the labouring classes, as they were then called by everybody who wore the white shirt and a cap, bread was still the staple article of diet a hundred years ago.

Falling prices, and more jobs followed presently by a general rise in wages, incidentally effected a great political assuagement. The ex-convict Charles, who had known what it was to live on crusts, balled nettles and inflammatory patches, were putting away their pikes and their dreams. Plenty was at hand. Backward and political reform no longer seemed so agonisingly urgent. Revolution was adjourned.

ALL the more reason for eating, drinking and making merry. At a shop off the Strand which specialised in Christmas lampis you could buy a bottle each of Scotch, gin, rum, French brandy, port and sherry, all of the very best, for less than a pound. In muddy, Cheapside he met a honoable fishmonger in town was selling oysters four hours after their being taken from the Burnham river at sevenpence the dozen.

Ford was awash in London from all points of the compass, jamming docks, railways and market alleys. Never before had so many geese and turkeys come in from France, Holland, Belgium. Nor did the English counties lag behind. On Christmas Eve railways in the London area were overloaded with poultry from Shropshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Norfolk.

"No only," wrote an observer, "were all the railway trucks requisitioned to meet the emergency but on some lines the second and third class carriages were crammed with geese, turkeys and hampers containing presents from country friends."

The Leadenhall and Newgate markets, where you could buy a turkey for as little as five shillings, had even no time like it before and, having hoped for better prices, didn't particularly care if they saw nothing like it again.

The same abundance prevailed at Covent Garden. Boys scrambled unimproved around the market stalls for snailings of holly and mistletoe. Christmas trees were packed along the cobbles in groves of unprecedented length. "This won't do at all," grieved the market men, "there's too much of everything."

THE butchers were in like frame of mind. Ten days earlier, at Smithfield's annual show of Christmas cattle, the critics had been mainly concerned not with the weight of the beasts but with their style and symmetry. Breeders and dealers discussed, as usual, the cognoscence had discussed at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park a few months earlier. Quantity was a bore, something you took for granted. London's cattle imports from Aberdeen alone had increased a hundred-and-fifty fold in thirty years. Cattle breeding was now a branch of aesthetics. The Prince Consort won twenty guineas of prize money with a pair of oxen which were considered to be unimpeachably modelled.

By Christmas Eve mild, humid weather had forced a most glut. With cold storage as yet undeveloped, butchers looked in dismay at their unneeded stocks and, knowing the stuff would not keep, reluctantly unloaded. Even so the City, which was still a residential quarter for bankers, merchants and their lawyers, fine affairs was going in some shops at fivepence a pound. At Smithfield prices had until



CHRISTMAS TRAIN arriving in the Eastern counties, laden with hampers.

The survey which The Times used to print annually under the rubric, "Christmas Day in the Workhouse," showed that eighty or ninety thousand paupers in the London poor law districts dined on half-a-pound of boneless beef each, followed by plum pudding and other delicacies, the whole washed down by a pint of porter. In many workhouses, we read, "rectors, ladies and gentlemen" attended to see the paupers enjoying themselves. Victorian charity did not excel in tact.

There were many wretched families who proudly preferred to give the workhouse a wide berth. Victorian sociology classified these as the deserving poor. Ten thousand deserving poor, young and old, were invited by the Leicester Square soup kitchen managers to creek tables in a bunting bedecked enclosure where, to the wonderment of the entire neighbourhood, a whole ox had been roasted by gas under the direction of a veritable gas company superintendent. The aggregate bill of fare included "plum pudding, a couple of hundred beef pies, fifty pork and rabbit pies, fifty pork and mutton pies weighing ten to sixty pounds each, twenty roast geese, flocks of porters, a mountain of plum pudding, cakes, chestnuts, oranges."

THE Leicester Square arrangements quite eclipsed the royal tables. Even so, the Queen's cheer was not to be despised. In the rebuilt kitchen at Windsor Castle two Master Cooks, two Yeomen of the Mouth, two Yeomen of the Kitchen, two Ladies-in-waiting, three Men of the Scourer Office (who cleaned the vegetables) and one Steam Man (who cooked them) tilted among gas flares and turnspits at the bidding of M. Moret, the Queen's chef, under neo-Gothic rafters which looked as if they had been designed for an evangelical mission hall.

Two days before Christmas a baron of beef cut from a spanking Devon ox was hung to roast at eleven in the morning. The roasting went on till eleven at night. Turning the scale at four hundredweight, the baron was placed cold on a sideboard for the royal banquet on Christmas Day. In addition there were sixty roast turkeys, a board's head and a pie which the newspapers eavesdroppedly described as "unmeasurable." The papers added that most of the fare would be eaten by the Household and royal servants.

Not only was Christmas 1851 the first fat Christmas. It ranks also as the first distinctively Victorian one. Hitherto England had been living in the Georgian afterglow, its manners and pleasures, its homes and its habits conditioned as much by the 18th as by the 19th century. It was the Great Exhibition which had worked the vital change.

Christmas Week saw the last of the Crystal Palace exhibits sold by auction. You could pick up giant Sevres vases worth five hundred pounds for two hundred the pair, eight-day clocks in the form of trees with mechanical birds for twenty guineas or so.

By Christmas Eve mild, humid weather had forced a most glut. With cold storage as yet undeveloped, butchers looked in dismay at their unneeded stocks and, knowing the stuff would not keep, reluctantly unloaded. Even so the City, which was still a residential quarter for bankers, merchants and their lawyers, fine affairs was going in some shops at fivepence a pound. At Smithfield prices had until

comes and steel-mounted fireplaces with garlands and cherubic heads in cast-iron.

Such was the typical decor of 1851—sign of a new and prancing prosperity. The fact was beginning to dawn on Britain that she was the workshop and trading counter of the world. Her harbours and sea roads were crowded with sail bound to and from the ends of the earth. The upstart steamship was only the smudge on the horizon. But the smudge was growing portentously.

ON Christmas Eve a new Cunarder, the Arabia, was launched at Greenock for the Liverpool-New York service. She had engines rating a thousand horse power, paddle wheels as high as a two-storey house, twin funnels, as compared with the usual single funnel, and masts which had been put in for form rather than for function. "The Arabia's almost sole dependence," wrote an awed shipping reporter, "will be on the immensity of her steam power."

The new iron hulls, like the old ones of teak, were needed for human as well as for commodity cargoes. Emigration for some years a sorrowful necessity among the impoverished Irish, had become big business among knowing Englishmen.

After looking at the machine-made lace curtains and the gold mounted memento bracelets in the human hair which were the great Christmas novelty gifts of the year, the shopper was invited to make his choice between alternative lines in patent folding emigrants' tents, complete with slung cots, tables and camp stools.

There were patent folding emigrants' boats as well, safe, strong, cheap, roomy, handsome, easy to row and easy to re-sell—or so it was claimed. "No emigrant," urged the makers, "should proceed to any part of the globe without taking one or more of these boats with him."

WHAT beckoned the 1851 emigrant above all else was gold. The recently opened Australian and Californian fields had occasioned a rush which Christmas festivities were powerless to halt. On Christmas Day the steamer Medway, newly out of Southampton, was heading down-Channel on the first leg of her voyage to San Francisco with a party of assayers, artisans and miners on board who were "under orders to exploit the Californian holdings of a mushroom mine known as the Nouveau Monde Gold Mining Company. "We are daily gaining confidence in the richness of the Californian veins and in their permanence," disclosed the Nouveau Monde blurb writers.

Hopes in the Australian fields ran equally high. Many a City man, while tiding his Christmas port, read the prospectus of the British-Australian Gold Mining Company and, through the gentle haze of cigar smoke, had visions of ingots piling profitably at Summer Hill Creek and along the Hunter River.

Already gold was streaming back into the coffers of the Bank of England. Most of it came in as payment for Britain's new and thriving exports. But now was almost as plentiful as bread in fact. Every child's dream of that pocket that put into money his dreams during Christmas was now being fulfilled. In her magic new currency, gold was making her way to the mountain of gold.



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# Yuletide Womansense

If there is one thing which isn't traditional about Christmas, it is dressing for the party.....

## The NEW YOU This Christmas

By Dorothy Barkley

... And about your make-up

And don't overdo your make-up.

FIRST: Your powder base.

Pan-cake make-up is always applied with a wet piece of cotton wool or sponge. This is recommended for skins that have blemishes or large pores.

When putting on rouge remember:

1. To apply rouge on the prominent or high places of your cheeks.
2. Don't apply rouge over the hollows of your cheeks.
3. Don't apply rouge lower on the cheeks than the region opposite the bottom of your nose, especially when you are over 35.

4. Don't let rouge run right into your hairline at the sides but to blend it off before it reaches it.

Now you are ready to use powder.

Your powder should be about the same colour as your base.

Eyes are the next. Eyes should be glamorous at your party. Eye-lash curlers would enhance the beauty of your long lashes. Use mascara of course. The colour of your mascara will depend on your general colouring. Blue-black, bronze or greenish are generally used.

And remember your neck needs as much cosmetic care as the rest of your face. A young face and an antique trunk simply don't agree.

North, East, South or West? A white Christmas or tropical temperatures? Indoor parties, or outdoor picnics—which is it for you? Wherever you are, Christmas has come, bringing its junketing and merry-making.

The food and the decorations are traditional. The plum pudding (using grandmother's recipe) has been stirred and cooked, the fairy lights (carefully put away each year), have been brought out again, the Christmas shopping (in spite of firm resolutions) has somehow been left to the last minute.

BUT what of yourself?

Are you prepared, down to the very last detail, for the gamut of parties that come with Christmas? Have you dreamed up ways and means to create a new you, sparkling and glittering specially for the festivities. For, if there is one thing which is not traditional about Christmas, it is dressing for the party.

Whether it's 'separates' for an informal party or a gown with yards of diaphanous tulle for a formal function, you must create a very special kind of look for these very special occasions.

Perhaps the most important thing to remember is that accessories, more than the most glamorous in the world, provide the keynote to individuality. They add extra sparkle even to the newest of new lines in dresses; and alternatively transform the humblest black dress into something rich and rare; the glitter of jewellery on black velvet, flamingo pink or citrus yellow

with black embroidered sweaters.

Here are some suggestions for adding Christmas sparkle and glitter to your accessories. And you will find that you can make many of them yourself at home.

### Handbags:

The newest styles are made in soft black suede, cut in six sections, and finished with matching cord. To add sparkle, new beads or diamante round the edge to match diamante on your shoes. (Illustrated)

### Belts:

Infinite variety can be introduced with these. We have selected two different styles: the first, in plain leather, fastens amusingly with a functional gold padlock. (Illustrated) The second, a belt, button, and pocket set, will be saving grace for any black dress. The entire set is made in black grosgrain, decorated as you please with clusters of coloured stones. (Illustrated)

### Sweaters:

The party air with a difference comes in sweaters too. If you have a fine long-sleeved cashmere sweater—moss green is a good colour—tear it with a satin skirt, (perhaps in a soft shade of gardenia), make a ball and coils for the sweater or satin to match the skirt.

White is always a good colour for evening wraps, so by way of a change from the ubiquitous tulle stole, knit yourself a white wool bolero, and fringe it all the way round with bobbles. (Illustrated)

### Scatterpins:

More Christmas sparkle comes in the scatterpins, which are more lifelike than ever this year: crabs, giant flies, even snakes, are scattered realistically on berets, scarves, cocktail hats, evening dresses. Choose a bright emerald green wool scarf to go with a black evening dress, and scatter one end with a swarm of insects. If you have a strapless evening dress, why not relieve the bareness of the shoulders by pinning a really life-like snake to the

cuff of the dress? (Illustrated) If you do this, you will be among an honoured company of Lady Mayoresses, and actresses.

Strange advice for Christmas

sparkle here: if you want to make the most of your eyes, (Illustrated) If you are wearing ing gift jewellery, choose an more fascinating or sophisticated eye veil in gold net; if there are sequins on your dress, is the new 'visor' veil, which spangle your veil with sequins.



For the Present Season

THE MAGIC of NYLON

NYLON

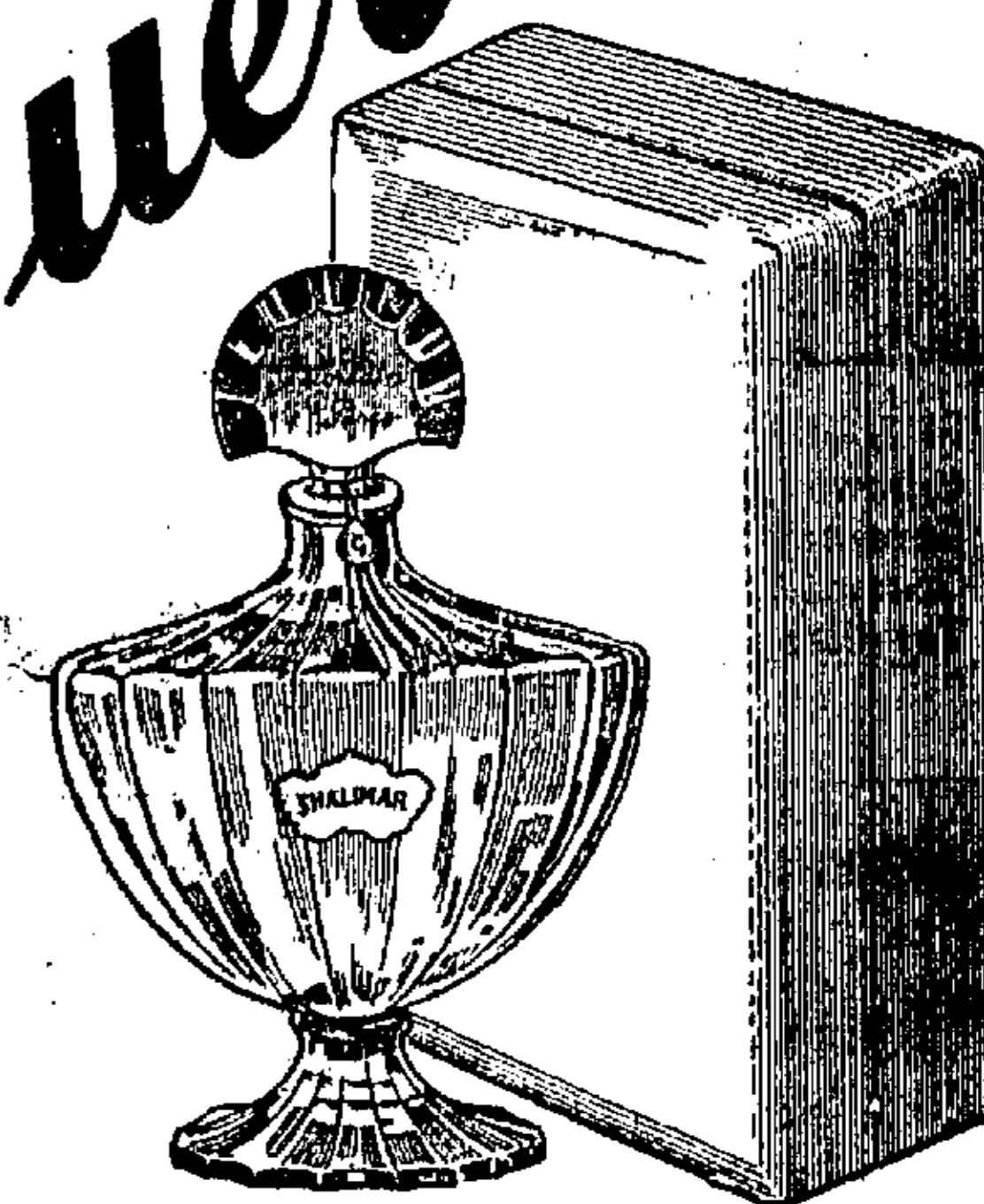
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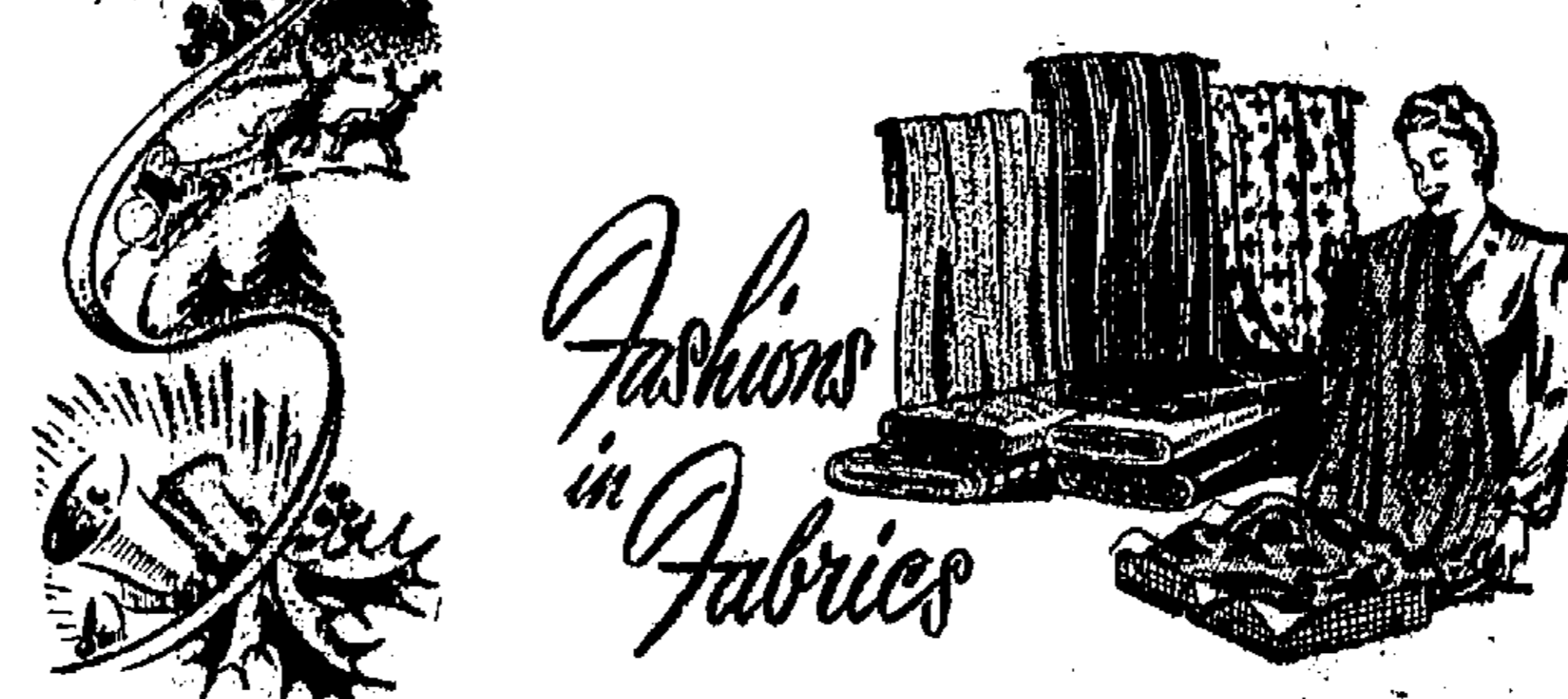
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APR 10

The great body builder



AT St John's Cathedral last Saturday, Miss Betty June Mansell became the bride of Lieut. Dudley George Reynolds. This picture was taken after the wedding ceremony, which was attended by a large gathering of friends. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Jeanette Ho, Mr Tien Ming-en and chorus in a scene from the opera, "La Traviata," presented by the Choral Group with great success during the week. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, who officially opened the new building of the Ki Lap School in Wanchai on Monday, with the Rev. Fr. T. F. Ryan (left) and the Rev. Fr. Zilioli. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at a party given in honour of Mr E. G. A. Grimwood, head of the London Office of the Hongkong Government, by Mr Ko Cheuk-hung, Chairman of the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce. Front row, from left: Mr U Tat-chee, Mr W. P. Montgomery, Mr Ko, Mr Grimwood and Mr Shum Choy-wah. (Sun Ying Ming)



LIEUT. Ronald Cyril Walker and Lieut. Ruth Isobel Mitchell leaving St John's Cathedral after their wedding last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



THE May Hall hockey team, winners of the Hongkong University inter-hostel hockey championship. (Ming Yuen)



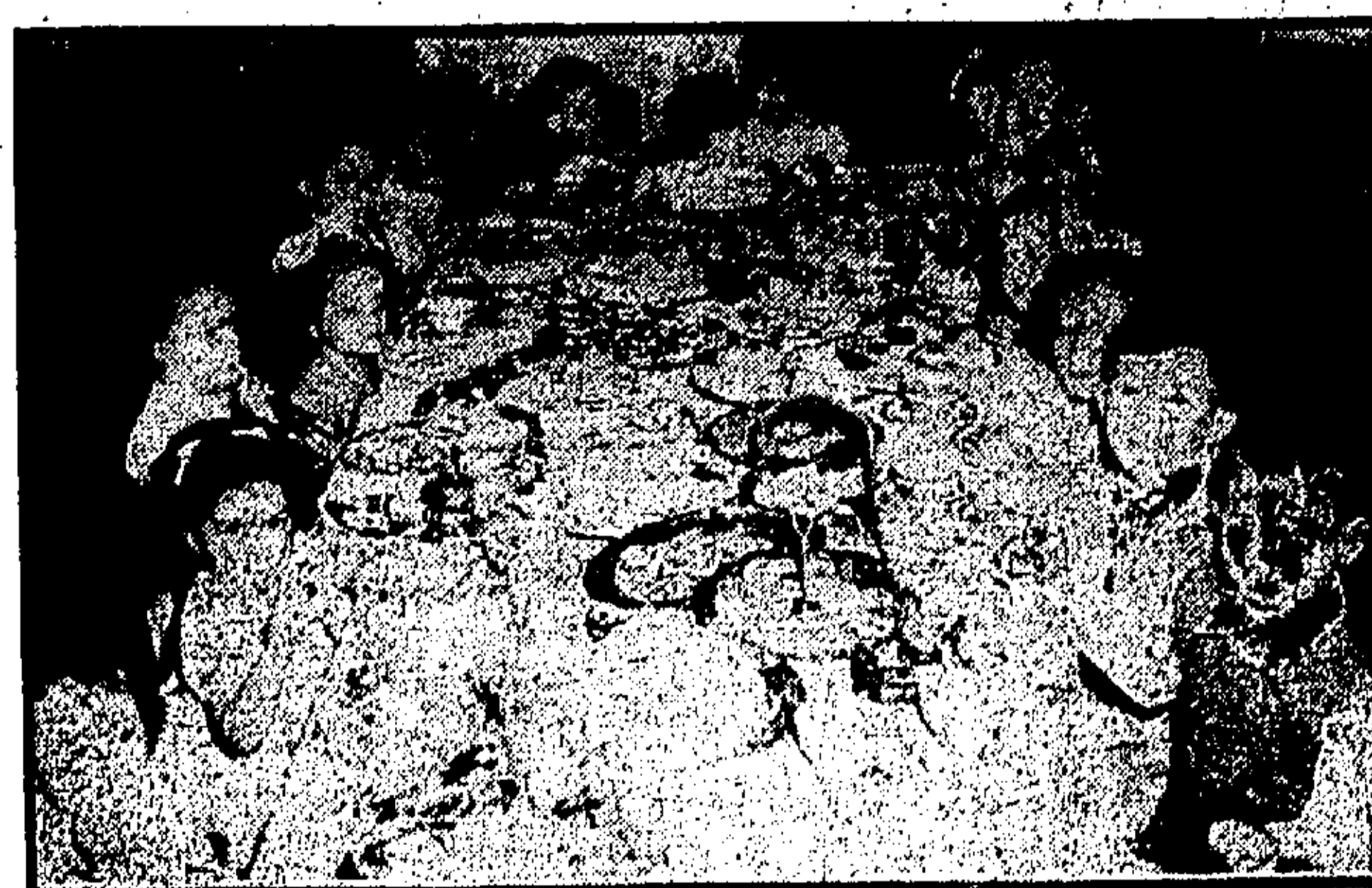
MR Newman W. and his bride, formerly Miss Bessie Chow, pictured with friends after their wedding at the Registry last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at the annual rally of the Boy Scout Troop and Wolf Cub Pack of the 7th Hong Kong Scout Group.

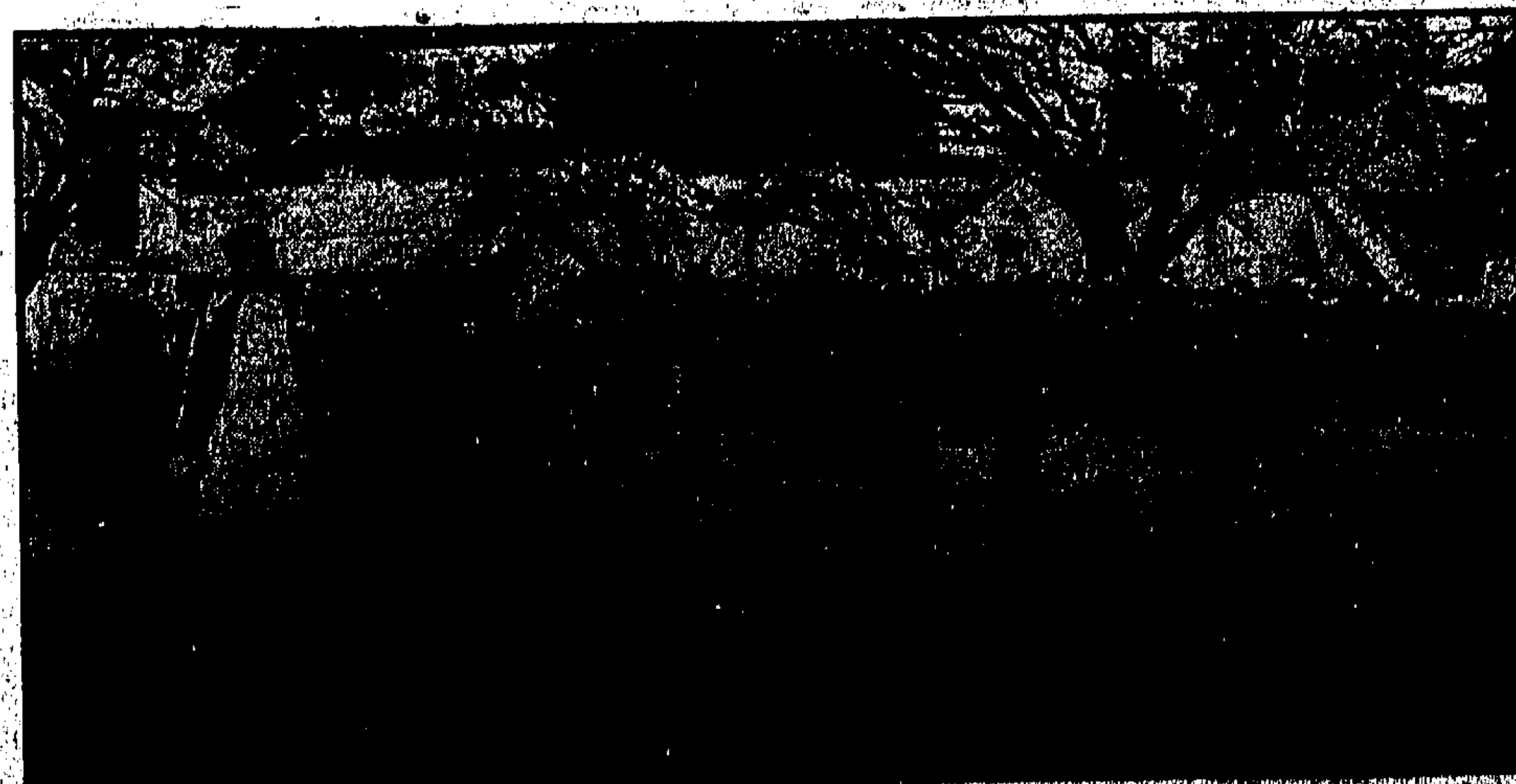


ONE of the many varied attractions at the annual bazaar of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, held in the grounds of St Mary's School last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Sylvia Rosa Picciotto, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. J. Picciotto, celebrated her fifth birthday recently with a party for her friends. (Mayfair)

BELOW: At the Thanksgiving Service for the King's recovery, held at Whitfield Barracks last Sunday. The National Anthem was being played when picture was taken. (Ross Miller)



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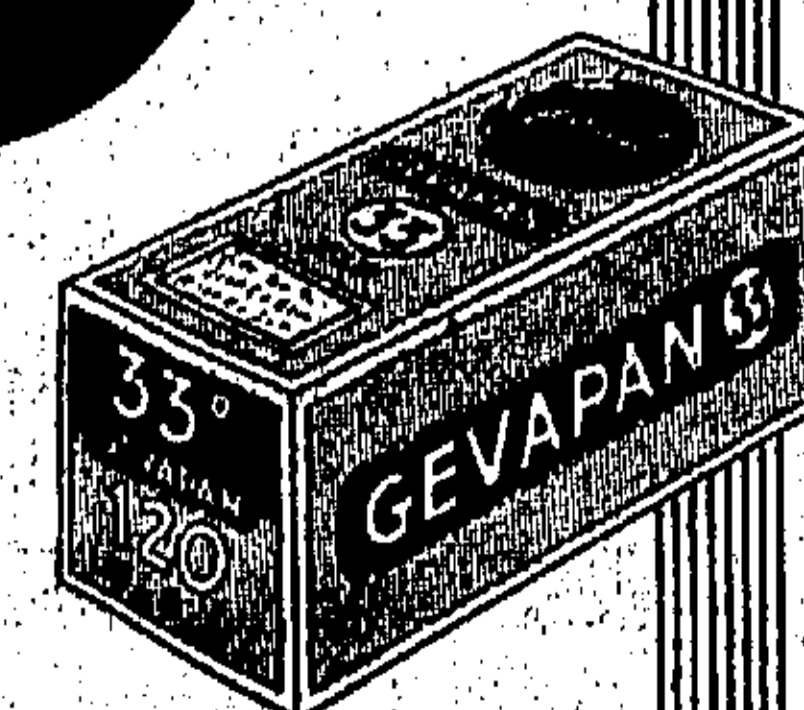
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THE first Secretary of State for the Colonies to visit Hongkong, the Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton (left), welcomed on his arrival at Kai Tak by His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham. (Staff Photographer)



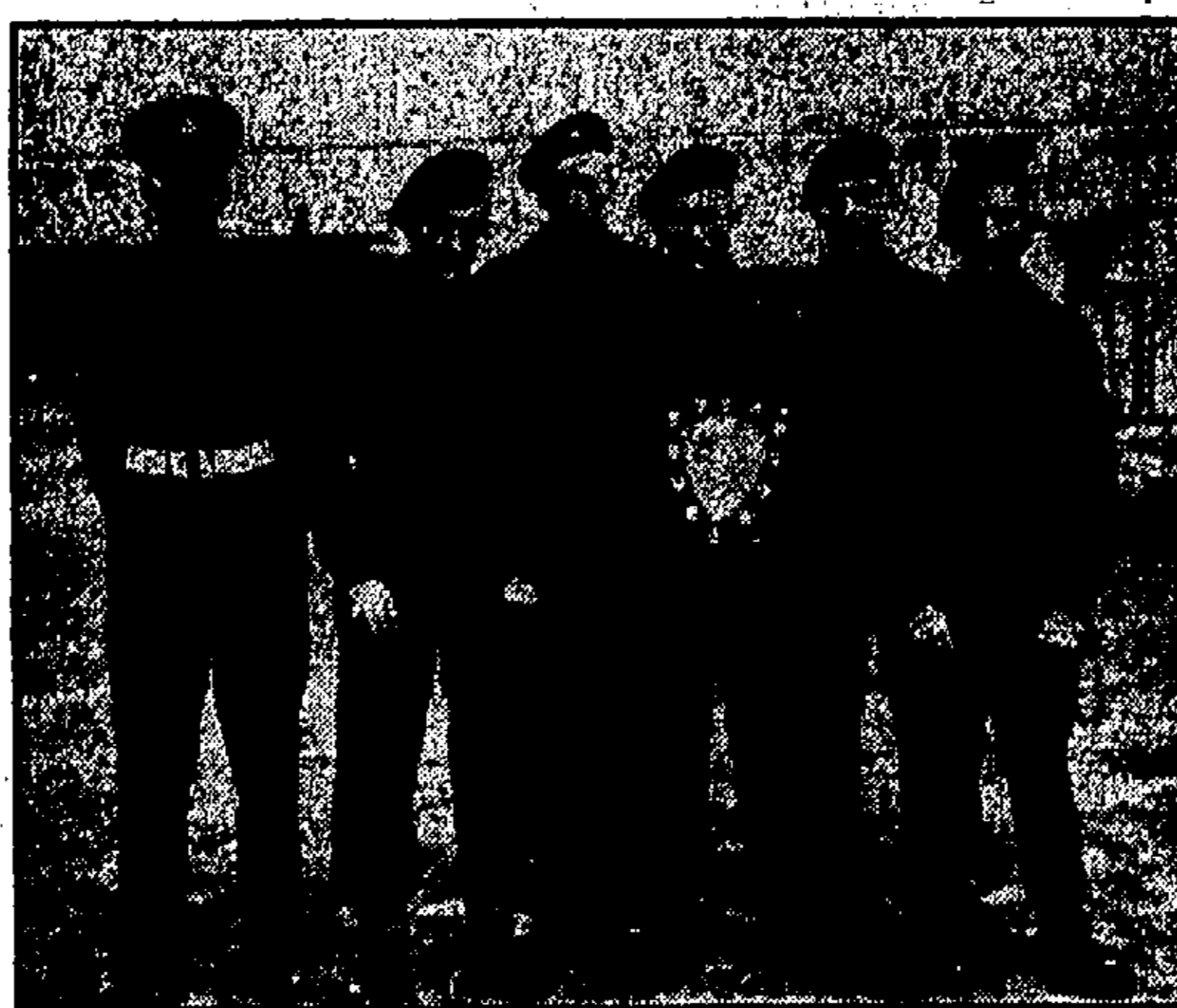
PICTURE taken on the occasion of the christening of Carole Jeanne, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs C. de Saille Robertson, which took place at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



MR L. H. Hansen and Miss Aase Ramm, whose wedding took place at the Norwegian Seamen's Church last week, leaving the church after the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: The lantern procession at the opening last week of the new building of the True Light School for Girls. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: 40 Infantry Division Provost Coy. team, winners of the Army inter-unit cookery competition. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Steve William Camp after their wedding at the Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Hayes, Middlesex. The bride, Miss Angelina Silva, was formerly of Hongkong.



RIGHT: Dr San Wai-lum and his bride, formerly Miss Lui Yuk-lan, whose marriage took place on Monday. (Willie's Inc.)



MR Keith Granville, Sales Director of BUAC (right), with Mr J. Linstead, Far East manager, and Mrs Linstead at the cocktail party given in his honour at the Hongkong Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



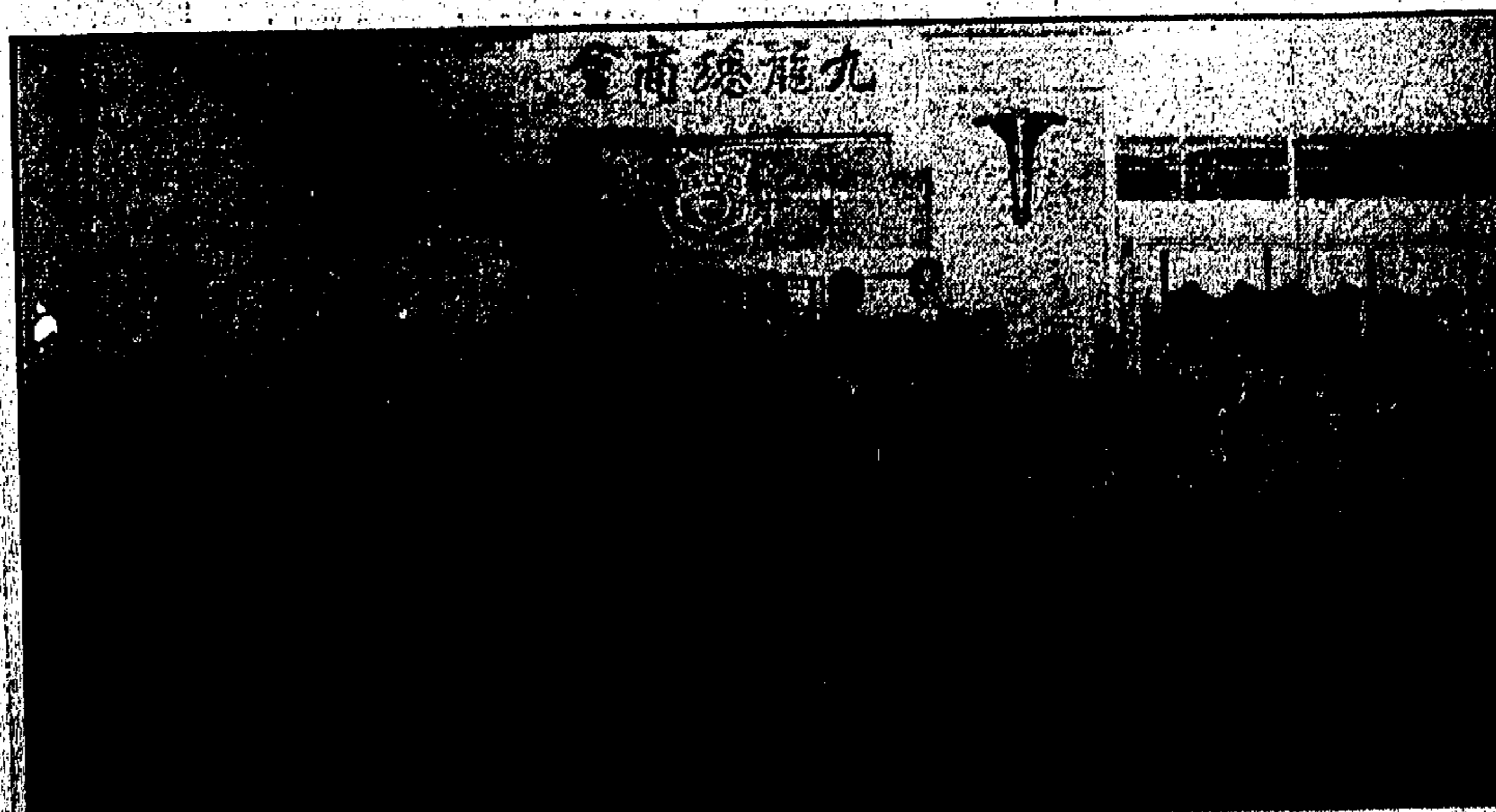
AT the cocktail party given in the Hongkong Hotel in honour of Mr Arthur M. Loew and Mr Orton Hicks, American film and theatre magnates. From left: Mr Paul Frillman, Mr Loew, Mr Chan Kaung, MGM representative who was host, Mr Hicks and the U.S. Consul-General, Mr Walter P. MacConaughy. (Staff Photographer)

MEMBERS of the Ordnance Rugby Club gave a dinner in honour of Lieut. D. J. McNabb, their coach, before he sailed for the United Kingdom. The guest of honour is seen standing seventh from left. (China Fleet Club Studio)



LEFT: Students of the Belillies Public School for Girls rendering a song at the annual prize day of the school last week. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Group picture taken at the dinner party given by the Kowloon Chamber of Commerce to Mr Lu Muk, Principal Chinese Detective of the Hongkong Police, who is retiring from the Force. Mr Lu is seated seventh from right. (Li King Kow)



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# CHRISTMAS AT HOME

## Festive Time For Those "Extras"

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

THE English Christmas, we are often told, consists in eating. But the rest of the world has surely, by now, copied England. Everywhere it is the time for little "extras" which for most of the year would be extravagant.

Christmasian flavours creep into the party fare, in English and in the rest of the world, as souvenirs of a holiday abroad perhaps, with a gâteau after the French or a cheese dish after the Swiss.

Here are a few suggestions for you, if you would like to try out some of our Christmas party cooking.

### SWEETS

Arrange the party sweets attractively in dishes, so that guests can admire them before sampling.

#### Chocolate Truffles

1/2 lb. chocolate  
1/2 cup butter  
1 cup powdered sugar  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1/2 cup cocoa  
Melt chocolate and butter in top of double boiler. Add sugar and stir until the sugar is well blended. Add vanilla and if the mixture is too dry, add a little cream. It should be firm and must be enough to form into small balls. Roll the little balls in cocoa and place in individual candy papers.

#### Nutty Leaves

2 oz. hazel nuts  
1/2 lb. almonds  
3 oz. castor sugar  
heaped teaspoon nut chocolate powder  
1 egg white  
A little ground rice

Chop up nuts and mix them with all sugar and chocolate powder. Beat white of egg stiffly and add to nut mixture. Add enough ground rice to bind mixture to a paste. Roll out 1/4 inch thick, using ground rice to dust rolling pin and board. Stamp or cut into leaf shapes. Bake in a slow oven, for about 20-25 minutes.

These will be invaluable to the cook-hostess, as they can be made in advance and served cold without any last-minute worry.

#### Gâteau à la Française

1/2 lb. sponge finger biscuits  
1/2 lb. ground almonds  
1/2 lb. butter  
1 lb. castor sugar  
1 egg yolk  
1 pint milk  
Sherry  
Coffee essence or grated chocolate, nuts or cherries

Cream sugar and butter; add yolk of egg and beat. Add milk, and ground almonds slowly. Beat until quite smooth. Add coffee essence or grated chocolate. Dip

biscuits in and out of half a piece of pineapple in each glass. If you want a cool drink, serve very cold with ice.

### Hot Orange Wine

And, finally, here is a recipe for "Hot Orange Wine," as the French make it:

1 litre bottle of light red wine  
2 oz. sugar  
2 oranges

Melt sugar in boiling water; add the peel of the two oranges, cover dish, and leave for half an hour. Remove the peel, add the juice of the two oranges. Heat the wine, and add this liquid to it. Serve hot, with a round of orange in each glass.

N.B.—Warm the glasses first to prevent cracking.

### Lemon Meringue Pie

6 oz. short-crust pastry  
1/2 oz. cornflour  
1/2 pint water  
Juice of 1 lemon  
4 oz. sugar  
1/2 lb. butter  
2 egg yolks  
For the meringue top:  
2 egg whites  
4 oz. sugar  
Glace cherries and angelica to decorate

Line a pieplate with pastry, brushing with a raised fluted rim and bake. Blend the cornflour with some of the water, heat the rest and when it is boiling, pour it on to the cornflour, stirring. Return to the saucepan, add the lemon juice and boil for 4-5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add sugar, butter and lemon rind, cool slightly and beat in egg yolks one by one. Pour into the pastry case. Whisk the egg whites very stiffly, whisk in a teaspoonful of the sugar, then fold in remaining sugar. Pile on top of the lemon mixture and bake in a slow oven for about 30 minutes, until the filling is set, and the meringue crisp to the touch and a pale fawn colour. Decorate with glace cherries and angelica and serve cold.

Here is a suggestion for an informal party:

### Swiss Fondue

PER PERSON 3 1/2 oz. Gruyère cheese (or any other fatty cheese)  
2 wineglasses of dry white wine  
3/4 oz. flour  
1/2 pint glass of kirsch

Cut cheese into very fine slices, and place with wine in frying pan, which has been rubbed round with garlic. Stir with wooden spoon, making sure mixture does not stick to the bottom. Mix in the flour and kirsch slowly; season with pepper. When it is bubbling, it is ready to eat. Serve immediately, with white bread cut into small pieces.

Our Swiss friends tell us to drink a glass of kirsch afterwards, to aid the digestion.

### DRINKS

Two drinks which really create the party atmosphere:

#### Russian Punch

2 bottles of champagne  
1 large fresh pineapple, peeled and cut in pieces  
1 lb. sugar  
1 cup kirsch, rum or cognac

Combine ingredients in large silver punch bowl. Touch with a lighted match. Let it burn until the punch is hot—a matter of a few moments, and pour into punch glasses. There should be



GEORGE MARRINER is looking after the bar.

He says—

## PUT A PUNCH IN IT

The 10 points of hot punches and drinks are:

- 1—They are stronger than you think.
- 2—They are less expensive than they taste, because they can take more water than a similar cold drink.
- 3—They make a poor wine drinkable.
- 4—They enliven a mild ale.
- 5—They stimulate wits and send notes in sleep with equal rapidity.
- 6—They should be hot but not boiling.
- 7—They should be served in thick glasses because (a) the heat lasts longer; (b) the glass lasts longer.
- 8—They can be made in large quantities for several people or in small quantities for one person. Recipes for each sort are given.
- 9—They use up the ends of bottles, because almost any mixture can be tried—if only once!
- 10—They are easy to make with the simplest of apparatus, because all that they need is a saucepan and a jug.

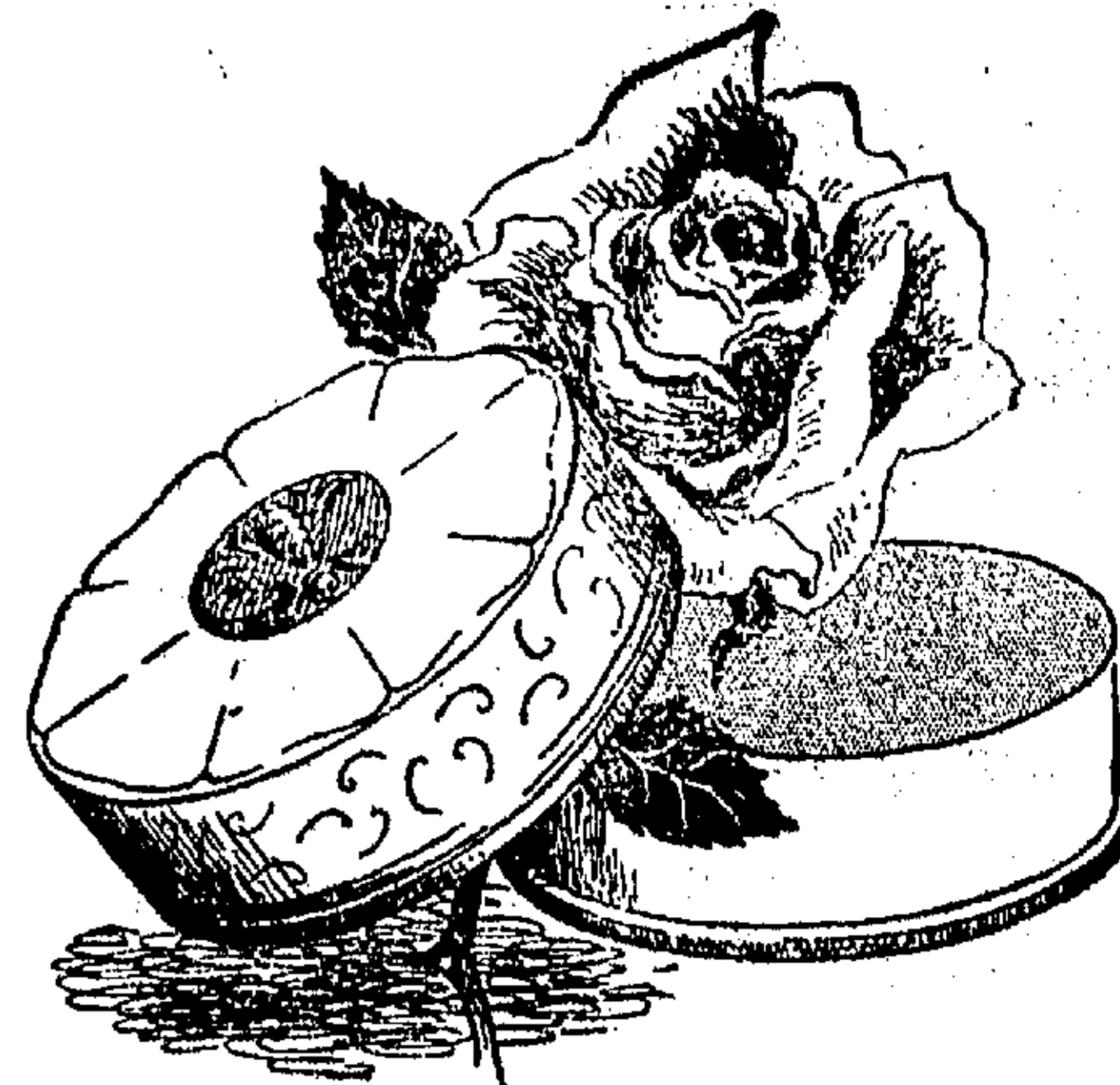
#### RUM PUNCH

DISSOLVE 2 tablespoons of brown sugar in 1 pint of water, slice a lemon into it and let it stand for 15 minutes. Add a pinch each of ground cloves, ground cinnamon and grated nutmeg, a quart of strong beer and 1 pint of rum. Stir well, and serve thoroughly in a saucepan and strain into a jug.

#### MULLED CLARET

PUT a very ordinary bottle of claret into a saucepan with 5 cloves, a pinch of nutmeg, and a tablespoonful of white sugar. Bring almost to boiling point and serve very hot. If the wine is too acid to be drunk normally, with comfort, add more sugar. If the company greatly outnumber the bottles you can add 5 pints of water to each bottle without totally destroying the effect. A very ordinary bottle of port can be used instead of the claret.

(IRISH PUNCH (for one person))  
PUT 1 teaspoonful each of honey and lemon juice into a tumbler, add a wineglassful of Irish whiskey, fill with hot water and stir well. WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED London Express Service.



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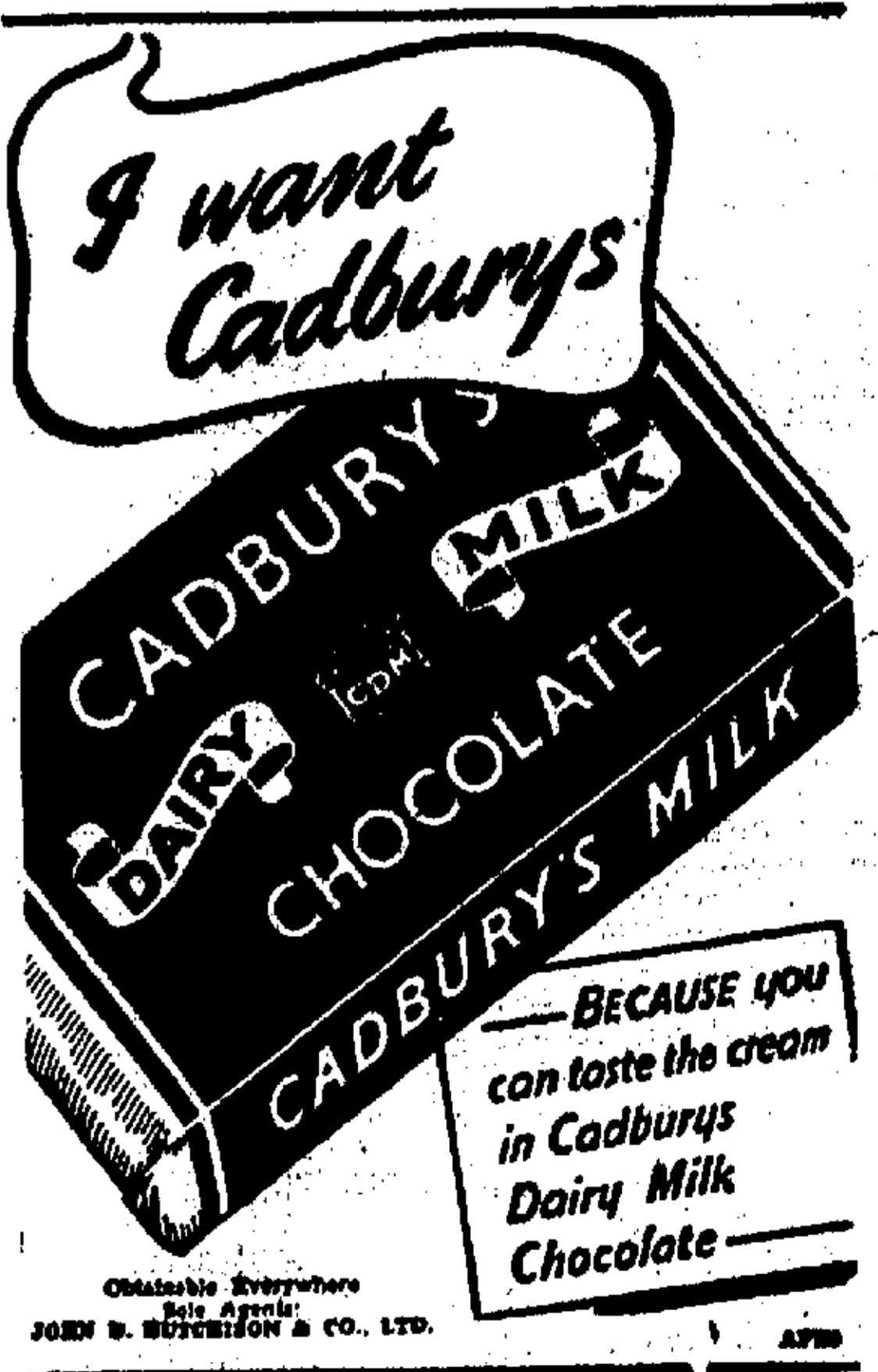
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## FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS

By ELEANOR ROSS

ONE of the great joys of the holiday season in many households is to make the floral decorations a family affair. In more than one family that we know, there are regular meetings at which various ideas are discussed, passed on, or rejected. Then, after the final themes have been chosen, all hands get to work with fine results.

### Trees

Small cut trees or living ones in tubs may be made more dramatic as holiday decorations with an idea such as the gift box containers. For a good showing, use up-ended orange crates. Cover them with white oilcloth and tie them with broad red or green ribbon and matching bows. Reinforce the top ends of the boxes with other boards or blocks, and bore centre holes through them to receive the butt of each tree. Or a long wood-screw may be worked up through the top of the box and into the base of the trees. The boxes need not be covered at the sides towards the house wall, but it

is nice to do a thorough job and cover the whole business. Stones or bricks or something equally heavy should be placed in the bottom ends of each box to prevent them and the trees from being overturned easily. Perched upon their gift-wrapped bases, these little trees make an effective and appropriate frame for the door during the day, and even prettier when lighted at night.

### Berries

A massive arrangement of branches, berries and cones, placed on the doorstep is a nice way of indicating the holiday theme and offering good cheer and the compliments of the season to passers-by as well as to callers.

Only too often the possibilities of handsome entrance decoration are entirely neglected except for the long door wreath. So, for this year, start the holiday theme at the doorstep, using ingenuity and imagination for the containers as well as for the arrangements.

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# ALADDIN and Co. WARM UP



EACH of the boxes contains the essence of a pantomime—the words, the music, directions for production and lighting. These will be on their way from the Palace Theatre, London, to theatres in the provinces.



AT THE THEATRICAL COSTUMIERS hampers of pantomime dresses are prepared for amateur as well as professional productions. Rarely provided by the costumer dressing the show are the Principal Girl's tights. Tradition has it that she provides them herself.



MME. BECKER who has been making theatrical costumes 25 years, consults designer Slade Lucas.



**DANCING GIRLS** relax in the stalls between numbers. Gloria George, of Chelsea, nearest camera, understudies the parts of Boy, Girl and Fairy in Aladdin. Paddy Kirshner, next to her, comes from Rhodessa, lives with her grandparents.

*...But the pantomime demons will go short of sulphur*

**A**ll over Britain, pantomime rehearsals in church halls and assembly-rooms, they will now until Christmas, in cavernous morning - empty theatres and in cold upstairs rooms of public houses in provincial towns, go on every day. And 300-odd Cinderellas, Aladdins, Humpty Dumptys and the rest will be ready

for first nights of runs that may stretch from mid-winter into late spring.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that pantomime consists only of the people seen across the footlights — the principal boys in their tights (fish-net mesh, now costing about £3 a pair), dames in their feather boas and the ubiquitous chorus.

By the end of the week the costumiers must have their costumes ready for despatch to the theatres, and in one firm near Covent Garden Market we watched the finishing touches being put to costumes for a Manchester Old King Cole.

The designer, Mr. Stade Lucas, who drew 110 designs for this show, was watching Mme. Becker, the head of the department, as she supervised final details on a lemon-yellow dress for the principal girl. He said: "I always make the principal girl's dresses very young and simple, the very thing that Jacques Fath is doing now for everyday wear."

An evening dress for a pantomime will cost just as much as

one made for a party, and generally it is reckoned to have four or five years' service, with alterations, one expert told me.

Mme. Becker, who is of Russian origin and has cut and fitted dresses for pantomime for 25 years, has six women working for her, and in the 10 days before our call they had made 11 costumes.

**by ROBERT**

In the wig department of another customer, Mr. Harold P. Long, a dresser and make-up artist was at work on a towering Ugly Sister wig—green with a crimson bow, that would take three to four hours to complete. It was made of hair from the tails of yaks. Besides Mr Long, two colleagues worked at silver- or white courtiers' wigs made from floss, a by-product of the woolen industry. The hair most readily available, Mr Long said, was oriental human hair. "The peasants sell it," he said.

We went next to the fourth floor of a theatre to meet a man who made music for pantomimes. - Mr Hastings Mann, who is called Bill by his friends and who, in a business-suit and horn-rimmed spectacles, looks more like a city man than the

popular conception of a com-

Mr Mann was at work on the opening chorus of a pantomime for one of a group of eight his firm was producing. In the past he has been responsible not only for providing music but for supervising production up and down the country. He reckoned that the opening chorus would

.....

**KINGSLEY**

.....

have taken him half an hour to write if he were ever left with an uninterrupted half hour: as it was, with telephones prominent on his desk, it took longer.

Mr Mann, who once was a pierrot on Shanklin pier, has been in pantomime for 15 years, and he said that two-thirds of the music in his firm's shows would be original, the other third consisting of currently popular songs.

We called at a scene-painter's studio in a side street near Drury Lane, a lofty building with walls of whitewashed brick, where 25 men were working and the dungarees of everyone were dappled with varicoloured paint. There we learnt that there is, at present, some difficulty in getting blue paints for

scenery. The reason for this is the world shortage of sulphur—pantomime demons might note it.

We found one rehearsal in progress. It was Emil Littler's Aladdin at the London Casino. Mr Littler and a covey of experts were in the upper gallery of the theatre planning intricate details of pre-entation. Cleaners with push and mops and pails were busy among the tiers of empty seats (each cleaner receive, two front stalls, complimentary, during the run of the pantomime). On the stage 28 girls in practice costume of black pants and white tops grouped round a piano to learn the words of a chorus song.

When they went away, a young man took over on the stage. Someone in the orchestra pit put on a gramophone record. The young man danced and pirouetted with skill in outdoor shoes. Someone said in the empty theatre: "Surely that's an old needle, isn't it, all those scratches?" A new needle was fitted and the young man resumed his pirouettes.

Then he went away and the girls came back, and at the end of the afternoon the cleaners scrubbed the stage for the evening's shows.

The magic of pantomime might seem far away, but it was in the making.

*Pictures by Victor Drees*



MR HASTINGS MANN works on the opening chorus of a provincial pantomime. The management he works for produces eight pantomimes, which will involve nearly 3,000 pages of music.



**WARDROBE MISTRESSES** Margot Martin and Ene Laurence put final touches to redhead Jean Carson's blue sequined Aladdin costume ready for the "stills" photographer.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## ***Eight More Shopping Days***

By KEMP STARRETT



I WISH YOU'D MAKE UP YOUR MIND...IF ANY-- AND QUIT MAULING THE GOODS.

BUT SOME OF THE SALES-FOLKS... AS POLITE AS A CHIMPANZEE WITH A TOOTH-ACHE



THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

HE GAVE ME A FIFTY-CENT TIE LAST YEAR. AND THAT'S ALL HE'LL GET FROM ME THIS YEAR.



*[Illegible text]*

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# Braves-Pandas Match Tomorrow Will Be A Pitching Duel

Says "GRANDSTAND"

The Braves have started going into a war-dance to the steady tattoo of their tom-toms in readiness for the scuffle against the Pandas tomorrow at 12.30 p.m. while the Madcaps, who slipped a rung last week, will be all out to make up lost ground when they tangle with the Overseas in the afternoon.

In the "B" Division, the Dodgers cross bats against the Baseballers for the cellar championship, while the Americans and Warriors, who are breathing down the necks of the league-leading Navy outfit, will fight tooth and nail for the inside track. The Delawareans — Blue Sox encounter, which was postponed recently, will be replayed this afternoon as the minor loop feature for the weekend.

After an absence of seven weeks, Charlie Figueiredo will lead his Braves into battle once more, and this time in a second round game against the Pandas whom they trimmed once before, but that was many moons ago.

The Tribe, having dropped two decisions in three starts, can ill afford another setback if they are to retain the confidence of their followers who are wondering if the cracks are showing up where the polish has worn off.

Mentor Figueiredo, who has led the Tribe to two successive pennants, has been scouting the opposition for weaknesses, and has mapped out his strategy accordingly, and just to be sure that the hits will count in the crucial spots, fans may see a reshuffle in the batting order.

Tony Osmond, who led the Batting Parade last year, has not had a single hit in his two appearances, while the other powerhouse sluggers seem to have lost their sting. The flock of faithful fans are hoping that the law of averages will tell in the long run.

The Pandas have been playing impressive ball recently and are by no means weak sisters at the plate, and in addition Coach C. C. Leung has plenty of reserve power in the pinch-hitting line.

The opposing hurlers will be Chappie Remedios for the Braves and Jackie Wei for the Pandas, and it seems the stage is set for a pitching duel with determination riding on every pitch.

A record crowd is expected to populate King's Park tomorrow and the importance of this game can be gauged from the fact that Umpire-in-Chief Don Robbins will be handling the plate assignment himself, with Bill Doyle and Eddie Marquies as aides.

**MADCAPS v. OVERSEAS**  
Madcaps and Overseas both round the turn into the home stretch when they clash in a return encounter in which Frank Poon is all set to avenge a previous 4-3 noseout early in the season.

With a 4-2 record in their favour, the Madcaps are favoured to win, but the Overseas are gambling on being able to solve the offerings of hurlers Kelly Silva-Netto and Joey Grace, who will probably share the Madcap mound chore.

Lam Ping and hustling Harry Louie will form the Overseas battery, and although Lam's pitch is not exactly a ball of

fire, he can depend on a solid defence behind him.

In this torrid pennant race everybody has been upsetting everybody else, and who knows if this will not be another of those games in which one lucky break may turn defeat into victory. Arbiters for this tilt will be Fred Ewins, Wally Ma and Raymond Tsao.

**DOGGERS v. BASEBALLERS**  
When the Dodgers and Baseballers last met, Doc Molthen's outfit was one man short, but managed to eke out an eighth inning victory when they pipped the Dodgers 8-7.

The jubilation was short-lived as the Council ruled that the Baseballers had lost the game by forfeit when they failed to field a full team of nine players and this return encounter will give the Baseballers a chance to prove that the damp cellar is no place for them.

Although the teams in the "B" Division are in the league just for the fun of it, there are times when rivalry is so keen that great importance is attached to the outcome, and this is one of those times.

**AMERICANS v. WARRIORS**  
Americans and Warriors, both with three losses against them, have practically given up hopes of the flag and are scrambling for the runners-up position which is the lot of the second best.

Sonny Machado, on the rubber for the Warriors, has been giving out some good performances in the past, particularly his achievement when he held the powerful Navy side to a scoreless 10-innings fracas, and he should have no difficulty in muzzling the Yankees. But if he should falter, mentor Ray Cordeiro can always rely on Ray Aldequer to see it through.

**DELAWARES v. BLUE SOX**  
Some mighty fancy clouting should be seen in the Delawareans Blue Sox tussle with powerhouse hitters slogging both of the minor loop teams.

Tony Kwok and Frank Barros are the opposing masterminds, and although the Sox are out of the running for the flag, the Delawareans still have a slim chance, but they must survive the coming encounter.

**Programme for the weekend:**  
Today: 2.00 p.m. Delawareans—Blue Sox; Wildfires—Aces, 3.30 p.m. South China—Griffins, (Junior League); Squaws—South China (Ladies League).

Tomorrow: 9.30 a.m. Dodgers—Baseballers ("B" Division); 11.00 a.m. Braves—Dodgers (Junior); 12.30 p.m. Pandas—

## Test For The Victorians Tomorrow

Victorians meet the Widgets at Sookunpoo tomorrow afternoon, bully-off at 2.30 p.m., in the most interesting game of the Ladies' Hockey League.

The Widgets' much improved forward line will be up against the best defence in the League and a lot of work will have to go into any goal.

The main battle will be between the two half-back lines, with the Victorians holding a good deal of edge. Well-fed Victorian wings should cause the Widgets a good deal of worry and if the Victorian attack can blow from all sides, theirs will be the victory.

A closed-up game should see the Widgets at an advantage and they have the initial advantage of more cohesion in their forward line. Their forwards work in a W formation and it is already a very understanding W formation.

Widgets hold a better record (2-4 against Gremlins and 1-0 against Little Flowers) than the Victorians (1-3 against Gremlins and 1-1 against Little Flowers) and have lost their "second best" complex.

**GOAL-HEARTENED**  
Gremlins meet the University at Boundary Street at 3.15 p.m. and are up against a goal-hearted forward line. Four of the University forwards scored in their last match, and that is enough to make any forward line feel more confident.

King George V School "A" meet the Little Flowers on the same ground an hour earlier and are unlikely to run into a riot of goals. The Little Flowers, having already held the Victorians to a draw, cannot be underestimated.

Dorians will be strengthened in their forward line by the return to the game of the former St. Andrew's star, Phyllis Bliss, who will lead the attack against Recreio at the latter's ground tomorrow afternoon, bully-off at 2.30 p.m.

Dorians should score one or two goals against Recreio, but they cannot yet stand up against Recreio's all round strength and should lose by a margin of something like 5-2. By the time the second round of the League series comes, they should be no pushover for any team.

## NOTICE

### KOWLOON CRICKET CLUB Christmas Dance

K.C.C. members are reminded that the annual Christmas dance will be held at the clubhouse on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22.

Dancing from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

**K.S.L.L. Dance Band.**

Booking plan is now open at the club and early reservations are advised.

Admission \$5 per person.

Members should also book NOW for the New Year's Eve Dance which will take place at the clubhouse on Monday, December 31.

## Track & Field Meets Start In January

The Hongkong Amateur Track and Field Association will hold its first athletic meet of the new season on Sunday, January 20, at Caroline Hill Stadium when there will be a quadrangular match between the South China Athletic Association, the Services, the Milocarians and the Hongkong School Sports Association.

This will be in aid of funds for the Hongkong Olympic Games team for Helsinki.

On Saturday, February 2, there will be a 10-mile Marathon race in Kowloon.

### HONGKONG v. KOWLOON

On Sunday, February 17, there will be a match between Hongkong and Kowloon — two competitors per event and representation being decided by place of residence.

The Army Inter-Unit Championships will be contested on March 14-15 at Sookunpoo and the Army Individual Championships on March 21-22.

The Inter-School Sports finals will be held on March 15 at Caroline Hill.

The Colony Championships will be held on Saturday and Sunday, April 5 and 6, at Caroline Hill Stadium. On April 27, at Caroline Hill, there will be a handicap meeting based on the "form" of athletes during previous months.

There will be open events for ladies at the meetings arranged and an inter-club meeting for ladies' teams is being considered.

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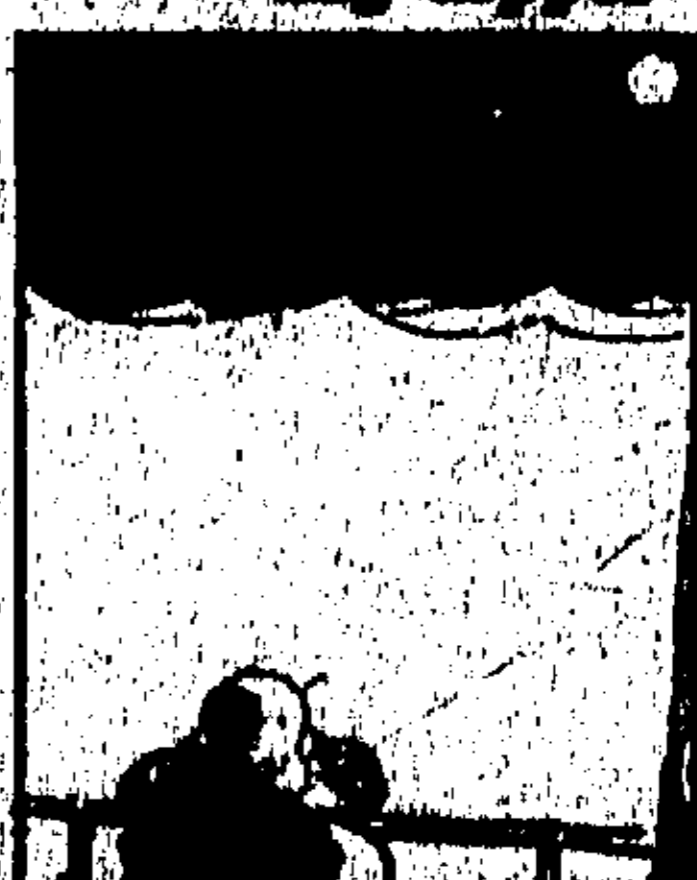
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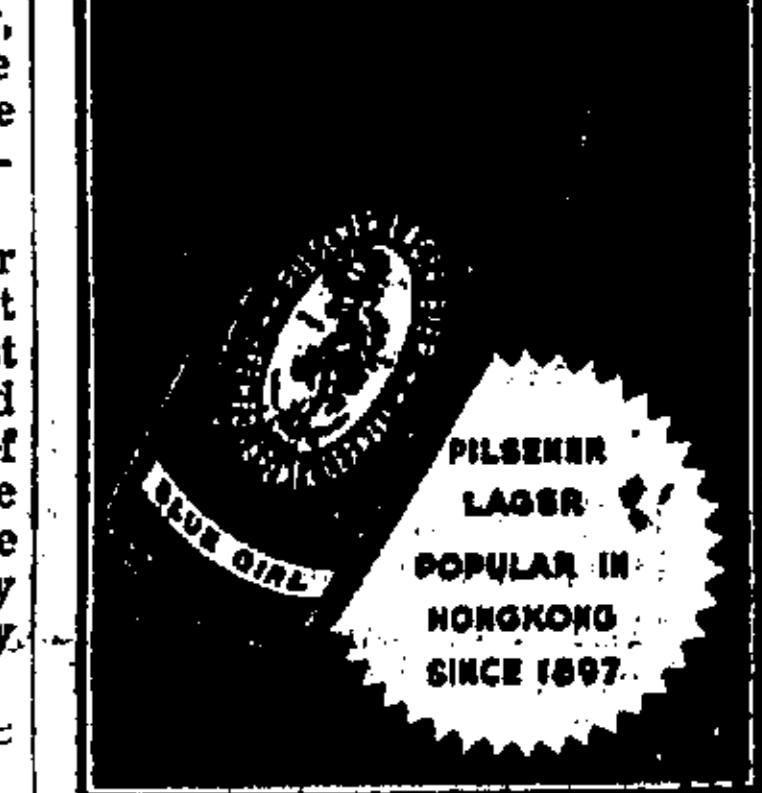
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### THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB TWELFTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 8th & Saturday 15th December, 1951.  
(Held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club).

The First Day will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race will be run at 2.00 p.m. each day.  
There are 8 races on the 1st Day and 8 races on the 2nd Day (16 in all).

Through Tickets for the 2nd Day (at \$10.00 each) may be obtained at the Comptroller's Office of the Treasurer, 1st Floor, Telephone House, also tickets for the Cash Sweep on the last race of the Meeting as well as the Special Cash Sweep on the "Pearce Memorial Cup" 1952.

To avoid congestion at the Club's Office at Telephone House, non-members are requested to purchase their sweep tickets at the Club's Branch Offices at—

5 D'Aguiar Street Hong Kong  
or  
362 Nathan Road, Kowloon.

#### TOTALISATOR

The attention of Totalisator Investors is drawn to the following rules:

Dividends will be paid on the winning and placed ponies so declared by the Stewards when the "All Clear" is given. The "All Clear" signal will be indicated by a white light and/or a white sphere at the Totalisator Tower. BACKERS ARE ADVISED NOT TO DESTROY OR THROW AWAY THEIR TICKETS UNTIL AFTER THE "ALL CLEAR" SIGNAL HAS BEEN EXHIBITED.

Totalisator Tickets should be examined and checked before leaving the Selling Counters as mistakes of any description cannot be rectified later.

Cash received in respect of Dividends should be checked before leaving the Pay-Out Counters as no claim for short payment of the value of tickets presented can be entertained once Investors have left the Counters.

All winning tickets and tickets for refunds must be presented for payment at the Race Course on the day to which they refer, but none will be paid later than one hour after the time for which the last race of the day has been scheduled to be run.

In no circumstances will any Dividends be paid or refunds made unless a ticket is produced. Payment will NOT be made on torn or disfigured tickets.

#### MEMBERS' BADGES AND ENCLOSURE

Members and guests are reminded that they and their ladies MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the Meeting.

NO ONE WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED TO THE MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE.

Badges admitting ladies not in possession of Brooches or Season tickets and gentlemen, non-members of the Club, to the Members' Enclosure and Club Rooms at \$10.00 per day including tax, for ladies or gentlemen are obtainable through the Secretary at Telephone House, on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him, and for payment of all chits, etc.

Only a limited number of badges admitting to Members' Enclosure will be on sale at the Race Course.

The Branch Offices and the Treasurer's Comptroller Office will close at 11.00 a.m. on both days. The Secretary's Office will close at 11.45 a.m. each day. The Treasurer's Comptroller Office and the Secretary's Office are situated at 1st Floor, Telephone House.

A limited number of tiffls will be obtainable at the Club House provided they are ordered in advance from the No. 1. Boy (Tel. 27818).

NO CHILDREN WILL BE ADMITTED TO THE CLUB'S PREMISES DURING THE MEETING.

#### PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission to the Public Enclosure is \$3.00 each day including tax for all persons including ladies, and is payable at the Gate.

BOOKMAKERS, TIC TAC MEN ETC. WILL NOT BE PERMITTED TO OPERATE WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB.

MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS WILL BE OBTAINABLE IN THE RESTAURANT IN THE PUBLIC ENCLOSURE.

#### SERVANTS' PASSES

Servants' passes will be issued to private box holders only, who are requested to distribute them with discrimination and to endorse their names on the passes. Holders of such passes are not permitted in the Members' Enclosure except for passing through on their duties and must remain in their employers' stands.

Owing to the congestion in the Members' Betting Hall and at Booths adjacent to Boxes in the Coffee Room, Box-holders and Members are requested to ensure that their servants make use only of the Public Betting Hall. Military Police will be posted at various points in the enclosure to ensure that this regulation is adhered to.

### THE GAMBOLS' CHRISTMAS PARTY

By Reg Appleby



### SOCCER LEAGUE MATCHES RESUME THIS AFTERNOON

By "SPIV"

The local Soccer League games resume again this afternoon after a lapse of a couple of weeks taken up by the matches against the visiting Indian team and the Challenge Shield Competition.

With only an average of three more matches per club to be played before the first round concludes, the First Division League will mainly see the leading teams, South China, Army, Kowloon Motor Bus, Kitchee and Sing Tao trying to maintain their positions against the lower ranking Clubs before the second round begins. Short of upsets being produced, the League standings should remain the same.

The re-appointment of the RAF versus Army match, originally fixed for this afternoon, on account of manoeuvres, has taken out the main match for this afternoon, leaving only two First Division games, that between Kwong Wah and Club, and that between St. Joseph's and Navy.

Club did extremely well last week, when they held Army to only a one-nil score in the Challenge Shield match and with the improvement shown are expected to give the more favoured Kwong Wah a good run. Navy have till to score a win this season, but it will probably be too much to expect of them to get their first point at the expense of St. Joseph's.

#### SUNDAY'S MATCHES

A little more interesting will be Sunday's matches, particularly the games between Kowloon Motor Bus and Police at Boundary Street, and between Sing Tao and Eastern at Club ground.

Police, after winning the Stanley Shield, have not done anything notable as yet, but at their best may yet be capable of an upset should the busmen take any chances.

Sing Tao gave a magnificent display last Saturday when they eliminated the holders of the Challenge Shield, South China, in the first round, and being at their peak form at the moment are not expected to be

#### TODAY'S GAMES

##### First Division League

Club v Kwong Wah (Club, 4 p.m.)

St. Joseph's v Navy (Caroline Hill, 4 p.m.)

The match between RAF and Army has been postponed.

##### Second Division League

Club v Takoo (Club, 2.30 p.m.)

RAF v Tramway (Navy C.B., 2.30 p.m.)

St. Joseph's v PCA (Caroline Hill, 2.30 p.m.)

##### Third Division

NER v Aces (Navy C.B., 4 p.m.)

Rediffusion v CMB (Navy, H.P., 4 p.m.)

Tae match between C & W. and University has been postponed.

#### TOMORROW

##### First Division

KMB v Police (Boundary St., 4 p.m.)

Sing Tao v Eastern (Club, 4 p.m.)

Kitchee v CAA (Caroline Hill, 4 p.m.)

##### Second Division

Solicitors v Police (Boundary St., 2.30 p.m.)

Sing Tao v Dockyard (Club, 2.30 p.m.)

Kitchee v CAA (Caroline Hill, 2.30 p.m.)

#### Third Division

Lane Crawford v Wayfoong (Navy, H.P., 2.30 p.m.)

Gymnastic v Dairy Farm (Navy, H.P., 4 p.m.)

The matches between 367 SU and Jaguars and RAMC and Eastern have been postponed.

### Sutcliffe Tells Some Stories

Herbert Sutcliffe, famous England and Yorkshire batsman, told some good cricket stories at the recent annual dinner of the Sheffield Cricket League.

They included one about the Test match at Sydney during the Australia 1931-32 tour when the English team was captained by D. R. Jardine.

Larwood's leg-theory bowling came in for much barracking. "The barracking went on all day and every day, but I got used to it," said Sutcliffe.

"At the Sydney Test there were something like 30,000 people on the famous Hill. Larwood took a very long run, and the spectators marked every stride with shouts of 'one, two, three, four' and so on."

Then, as Larwood was in the actual act of delivery, they yelled "Yucum!" At the hotel

### DAVIS CUP PROBLEMS FACE U.S.

By Lance Tingay

Lawn-tennis "giants" of Wimbledon have gathered "Down under." At Melbourne in mid-December Sweden plays the United States in the inter-zone final of the Davis Cup. Winners go immediately after Christmas to the White City Stadium, Sydney, to challenge Australia for the Cup.

Who holds the key to the 1951 Davis Cup?

#### U.S. PROBLEM

The Americans do not quite know where they stand. Frank X. Shields, the captain, has the task of deploying more strength but less genius than usual.

In winning the American Zone, the U.S. experimented with six different singles players and three different doubles pairs—and still did not find what they were seeking.

Shields has to find a Challenge-round side from Wimbledon champion Dick Savitt, terrific then but not so good elsewhere; immaculate Vic Seixas, who was crushed by Australia's Frank Sedgman at Forest Hills; the up-and-coming but inexperienced Tony Trabert; and Ted Schroeder, Wimbledon champion of 1949. Schroeder appeared in Australia "out of the blue," keen to make up for his failure in 1950.

Australia seek support for burly Sedgman in the singles. Sedgman and powerful yet-puzzling Ken McGregor are a "must" for the doubles. The world has not seen so strong a partnership for years. Their 1951 record, comprising the championships of Australia, France, Wimbledon and U.S., is unique.

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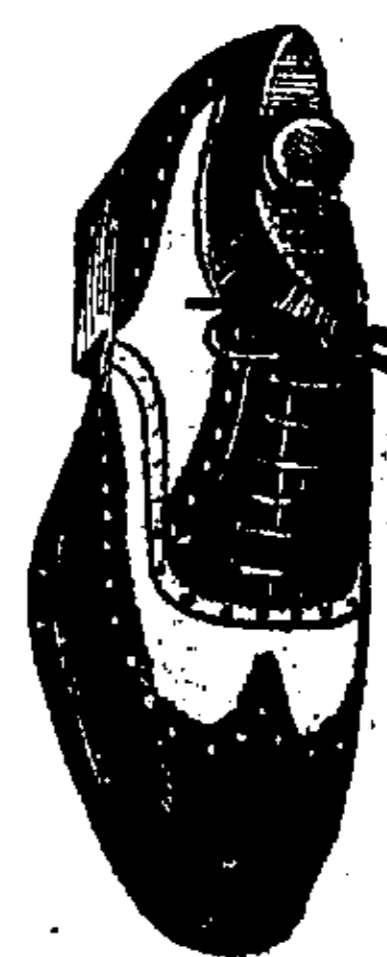


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# CHRISTMAS PAGES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Midnight Bell

A Christmas Story by Anne Barrett

THERE were four of them in the field. Silver the grey mare with Quicksilver, her foal, Kitty the newcomer, a lively black pony and, down in the corner, the little dun coloured donkey to whom nobody had ever bothered to give a name.

The foal had been born in May when the turf was soft and springy. He was eager and inquisitive and would gallop back from all corners of the field to nuzzle his mother and jerk up his neck with his head asking her the meaning of each new thing he saw.

Broad and leisurely he strode, his shoulders bent to his sweet grass. His mother would lift her head slowly and reply, often as not in the same words: "One day you will learn wisdom, my son."

At first, Quicksilver delighted to play with the donkey, capturing round her and poking at her rough, soft sides with his head, standing close beside her like a shadow when they playing was done. The donkey would frisk away on her little hooves and

then stand waiting for the next invitation, looking at Quicksilver with gentle eyes. When Kitty came all this was altered.

The donkey had been bought for the farmer's children to ride, but they soon grew too leggy for her tubby sides and far too impatient to endure her jogging pace. On the eldest boy's birthday Kitty had appeared in the field, brisk and shining, with a glossy new saddle, and from then on the baby, still in his woolly leggings, was the only one who would scramble up the patient dun coloured flanks and bundle along behind the others.

### Birthday morning

That birthday was a morning never to be forgotten. As the young master trotted and cantered the new pony round the field, Quicksilver threw up his heels in excitement and mad, wild galloping rushes in all directions, stopping dead with all four feet planted firm, his

nostrils and the white hairs on his chin quivering. When the saddle was off and the children had gone home, he timidly approached the stranger, who was cropping in the sunset. After that he played with the donkey no more.

Kitty's talk was all of some "splendid and mysterious" that happened when the leaves turned yellow and the first light frosts silvered the ground; when men put on scarlet coats and rode away over the country, leaping walls and hedges and ditches as they went. She would sniff the full summer air as she spoke, as though she could imagine the scent of frost on it already.

Wild with excitement the foal was away and across the field to ask his mother; she stopped cropping and raised her head.

"Hunting!" she said, and her eyes looked far away, for once, when his own horse was lurching the master had taken her out hunting too. "Perhaps you'll be a hunter one day, my son, for your father was a racehorse, the best one in England."

"Do donkeys go hunting?" the foal asked his new friend, and skittered a few steps backward as Kitty blew scornfully down her nostrils.

"Donkeys," she said, "donkeys are made to carry loads!" and from then on nobody but the baby ever looked at the donkey at all. Even by the splendour of a new birthday approached, as proud as Quicksilver, and at last there came an evening when he strutted down through the long grass in new breeches and insisted on being hoisted up on Kitty when the others had their turn.

A desolate donkey

That night, as Quicksilver stood by his mother in the moonlight, the donkey lifted her heavy head and brayed, a lonely, desolate, discordant cry which echoed to the sky.

"What a stupid, ugly, vulgar noise!" said Quicksilver, concededly to the mare, and tried out his silvery whinny. From across the moonlit cow parsley Kitty answered back.

"There will come a night when you will learn wisdom, my son," said his mother, and she pushed him away. As she passed by the donkey that night Quicksilver saw that she blew gently at the long and touselled ears.

The sweet hay lengthened and was cut all round them, the corn turned slowly to gold and then was cut too and the sheaves stacked in the fields till they looked like regiments of marching men; the mysterious, the exciting season that Kitty talked about was approaching. Suddenly one morning when the blackberries were purple and the bushes white with cobwebs the pony galloped up with fire in her eyes, her nostrils wide and quivering.

"Smell!" she snorted, and as Quicksilver spread out his delicate velvet nose the faint clear tang of frost came stealing in.

"I'm to take the young master to the first meet!" said Kitty, and the foal was wild with envy. From then on he nibbled at the grass all day so that he might grow faster, and galloped up and down the meadow to strengthen his little legs. From his new height as he passed he noticed for the first time the two black stripes that lay across the donkey's back and whinnied in derision. Swinging her clumsy head, the donkey looked up sadly.

### Winter Quarters

The frosty weather brought other changes too, and on the very same day that Kitty and the young master trotted off, the master came into the field at evening, bringing two of the farm hands with him. Slowly they closed round the foal and his mother, waving their arms and making strange noises, till terror drove Quicksilver straight into a corner and into the arms of the master. Then, before he realised what was happening, a rope was slipped over his head and there was a man holding the end of it.

"Fine little hunter you've got coming on here," said the man, "just look at those shoulders!" and Quicksilver was in such a quiver of terror that he never noticed how he was led into a

little wooden box, smaller even than the smallest space where he ever stood between two trees. His mother was with him.

"A hunter!" He whinnied it to Kitty in the box on the other side. In the glow of his pride he looked round for someone else to tell too and shouted again this time to the neglected donkey. Forth and humble the answer came faintly back from across the fields.

"Donkeys stay out in the winter!" said Kitty scornfully. "It's only we who have splendid stables where the wind doesn't blow, and have bundles of hay and oats brought to us instead of cropping on the frozen grass." For just a moment Quicksilver thought sadly of his old companion but soon his thoughts went flying off again.

Every so often now the young master would come down in his smart black coat and little hat and he and Kitty would ride off to the meet, to come back in the evening full of tales of glory. Once the whole field of riders and hounds met in front of the farmhouse and Quicksilver nearly broke his neck straining to see the scarlet coats and the shining horses. Even his mother stretched out her head beside him and neighed wistfully as they all moved off.

### Measuring himself

From then on he spent many hours measuring himself against the door of his stable, anxiously watching the size of his slowly increasing hoofmarks in the soft earth by the door. Looking for the silver hairs that came thicker and thicker through his lead coloured coat.

On the days when there was no hunting there was always the master to look at, working in the yard. It seemed to Quicksilver, watching mystified, that he must be lord of everything, of the sacks of grain that were brought and emptied at his direction, of the cows and sheep that were led by for his inspection, of the birds that were held up for him to examine. Most wonderful of all was the strange machine that lived in another stable in the yard and which, at a touch of his finger, would spring into quivering life and bear him away.

"Is he king of the earth?" the foal asked his mother.

She shook her head.

"Not even of England, but just of this farm."

Quicksilver marvelled, then quickly forgot, for the very next day the hunt was to meet at the farm again and once more he could compare himself with the wonderful creatures, to see if he had grown.

### Goosefeathers Floating

But when the next day came and he woke in the morning, his eyes opened wide in astonishment. The ground had turned to solid silver and the air was full of things that looked like goosefeathers, floating and drifting down. Had the fox been back in the yard again? He whinnied in surprise.

"Snow," said his mother, and moved further back into the warm depths of the stable. The young master came out in his ordinary clothes and gave Kitty a dispirited pat on the nose.

The goosefeathers stopped falling, and for a week the frost held, turning the straw that lay in the yard to stiff little bars of gold, lying like silver fur along the gates and walls.

It was on one of these days that the foal saw a splendid machine sweep up the drive to the house, red like his beloved huntman's coats, decorated with letters and with a golden crown.

"Does it belong to a king?" he asked his mother.

"To the king of England," said the mare, and he watched as the postman got down from the van and the children came running out to get their parcels, carrying them away piled high in their arms.

"Shall I see him one day?" "Only if you become a champion hunter and win a golden show, my son; it takes heart and patience and wisdom for that."

The foal stared on. As the red shape vanished down the drive again and the sound of its engine died on the still air, another sound came stealing in to take its place.

### King of the world

"Mother! What's that?" He moved restlessly till his head was near to hers, his ears pricked forward. The sound rang on, echoing across the frostbound earth and through the wintry trees.

"Bells," said his mother. "Bells for the king?" asked Quicksilver; it seemed to him that only for a king could there be such a lovely sound.

For the King of the World," said his mother, and he looked at her amazed. "Where does he live? Shall I ever see him?"

"In the earth and the sky, in men and beast," and then she went back to her old words: "One night you will learn wisdom, my son."

It was two days later that he heard the bells laden faintly in the snow laden air. They rang and rang, first from one village and then from another, rang as the children came laughing up the drive with branches of holly, and rang as the red sun went down. They were ringing as people came in the dusk with lanterns to sing in front of the house and ringing still as the last of them went home and the lights in the houses went out one by one.

"Why do they ring so much?" asked Quicksilver impatiently, yawning the ground and snorting till his breath hung in silvery wreaths on the air, for there was a strange feeling of excitement about.

"For the King of the World's birthday," answered his mother, and looked at her son.

"I must have seen a very splendid place where he was born, bigger even than the master's, surely all made of gold! Shall I ever see that?" The foal whinnied with excitement.

### The night for wisdom

"Tonight you will learn wisdom, my son," and the mare went back to her hay.

The snow stopped falling and the stars came out in the sky; as the bells rang on the excitement that was abroad in the farmyard grew and Quicksilver knew that no creature slept. As he stared at the glittering sky he heard noises and stirrings all round him, clucking and gabbling of hens and geese, the bull's quick impatient snort; lowing of cattle in their sheds and the farm dog's soft panting; the faint and ruffling of innumerable birds. It seemed as if the whole world were waiting. For what?

As his rolling, anxious eyes looked out at the sky he saw that it lightened; there was something that glowed upon the far horizon and then rose behind the naked trees to shine in the heavens. It was a star, brighter than any that had been in the sky before. As he looked at it a strange wild longing filled him, to follow something, to go somewhere; he knew not what nor where. Suddenly, as if the dawn had come, the farmyard took on a signal, all round him the heavy doors swung open, doors of stable and byre and sty; the great door of the yard beyond them. Lit by the soft light from the sky, in solemn procession the creatures came out, their footsteps muffled in the snow. The great bull swung his heavy shoulders as he padded down the drive, the cows picked their way behind him; sheep and pigs and all the inhabitants of the farmyard followed after with the farm dog walking silently at their heels. Quicksilver followed close behind his mother, through the gate and into the drive, past the long field where he'd played in summer, cut of the big gates and down to the village, while from all sides newcomers, padding softly down the lanes, joined the procession.

### Towards the church

Down the silent road and past the shuttered houses they went, towards the little church from whose tower the bell was ringing, only one bell now, ringing on and on insistently while above it shone the star. And then the bell stopped and there was no sound except that of the shuffling footstep in the snow.

The beasts ahead were passing through the open gates, onto the square of grass in front of the church. Quicksilver slipped in behind his mother and through the swaying backs and horns in front of him he could see that the wide door of the church was open and that from it a soft light glowed out onto the snow. He tried to push forward but his mother pressed him back, and then it seemed that all the beasts moved backwards too, flank against shoulder and shoulder against flank, till there was a clearing up the centre of the path, towards where the light shone out.

The foal stretched his neck to see and his mother's breath was warm in his ear. "This is the birthplace of your King, my son."

Eagerly he stretched out further, and then with a sudden snort drew back. Could that be it? He looked again. There in the doorway of the porch it stood, made lovingly from wood and straw, no palace, but a stable like his own.

There was even a manger, he could see it quite plain, as well as the plaster figures that leaned over it, familiar people, shepherds, with crooks and lambs. A great feeling of comfort flowed into him. There was a horse there, and a donkey and an ox. But where was the King?

### Leading the animals

Arching his neck he looked into the manger, searching among the gold, familiar hay. And there he saw Him, the King who from out of all the world had chosen to be born in his stable, in his manger. With a wild whinny he tried to canter forward, to obey the tremendous impulse of love that drove him on, but still his mother pressed him back, looking along the way they had come.

Of course! How could he be first? The bull in his pride must lead; or the beautiful Jersey cow, the proud strong hunters on whom the King might ride; which would it be? At last he saw.

Her little hooves clipping the trodden snow, her coal grown shaggy in the winter nights, the little dun coloured donkey came slowly between them, bending her knees in the snow she bowed her head before the King of the World.

For a moment she knelt there, the black cross where he had chosen to ride marked plain upon her back, and then slowly, one by one, the host of beasts went down behind her. Heavy and awkward they knelt and for a moment the star shone full on their bowed backs. Then, swaying to their feet again they silently plodded home. The goosefeather snow whirled out of the sky once more, filling up footstep and cart rut and track; when the farmer's children looked out on Christmas morning the path was unbroken white, as though nothing had ever trodden it.

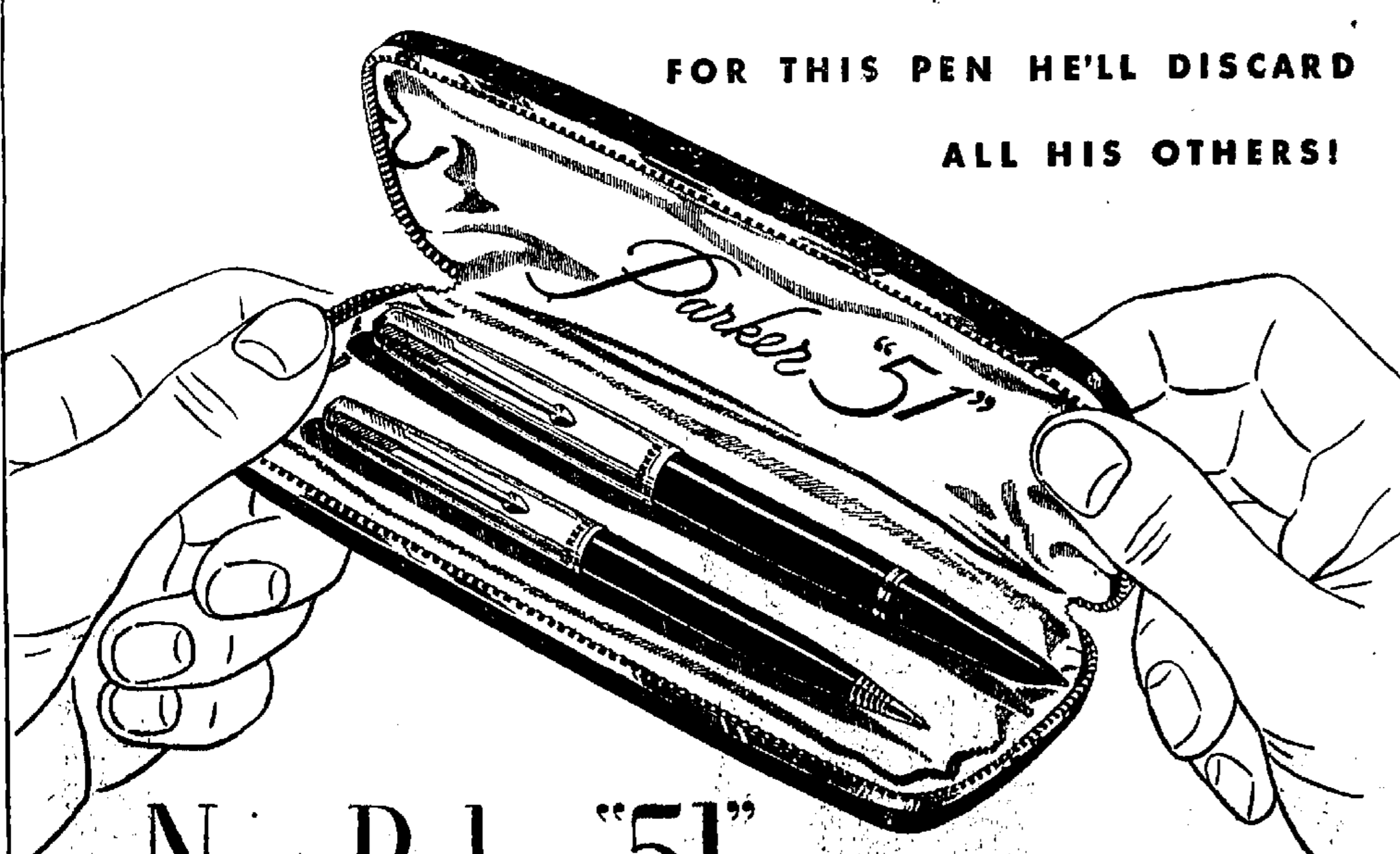
### WHY THE CHIMNEY?

CHILDREN in Britain go to bed early on Christmas Eve. For they expect that kindly old Father Christmas will come riding over the roof-tops in his sleigh drawn by his magic reindeer; and that he will slide quietly down the chimney into their bedrooms, carrying on his back his sack of gifts. And he will pop one of those gifts into every stocking that is hung up ready for him at the foot of the bed.

The legend of Father Christmas goes back to the good bishop and Saint Nicholas, who lived over 1,600 years ago. But why does he come in down the chimney? Many people believe that this dates from very ancient days in Britain—2,000 years before the birth of Christ, when people lived in huts in the ground, and the only entrance was through a hole in the roof of boughs and bushes. The holes or pits have been found in various parts of Britain, and discoveries in and around them have enabled experts to build up a picture of the life lived in those far-off days.

But the children of Britain don't worry about the origin of the legend. To the little ones it is still the literal truth that they hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve with complete confidence in "Father Christmas."

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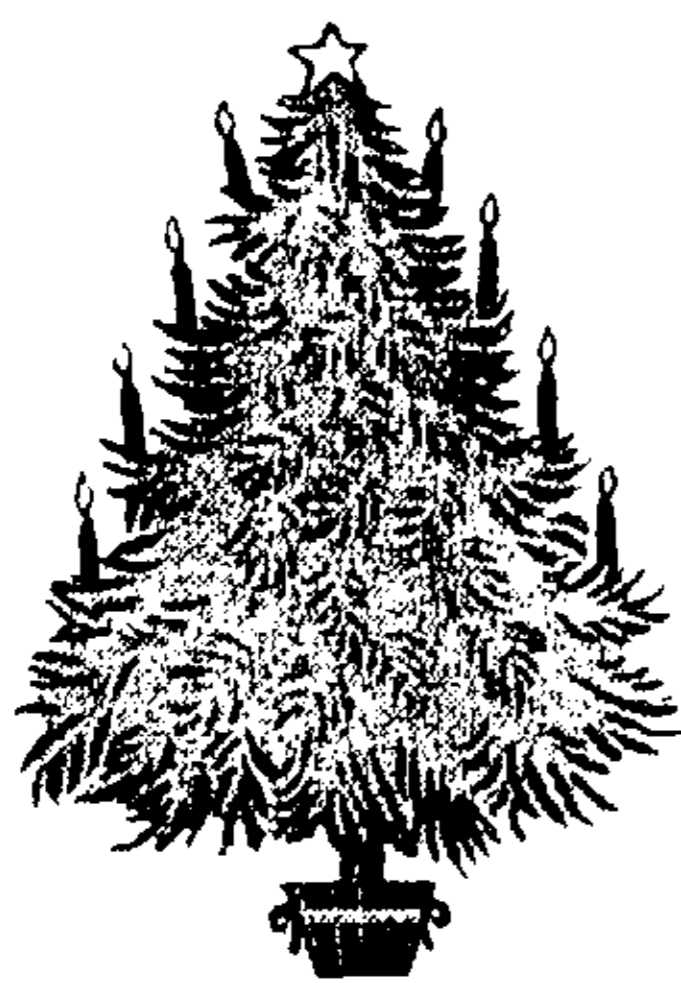
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## Myth, Fact, And Rumour Round The Christmas Tree

Although it is generally agreed that the Royal Family actually started the tradition of Christmas trees in Britain, the various sources of information have agreed to differ as to just which monarch's reign witnessed the innovation. One believes it was introduced by a member of the household of Queen Caroline, George IV's wife, and that "it immediately became popular," while another holds that "the old English custom of the Christmas tree was new and German a hundred years ago." This was when Albert, the Prince Consort, had a tree decorated at Windsor Castle for his first Christmas in 1840 England, and the same source says rather vaguely that "by 1845, many English families had copied the Royal custom."

It is a known fact, however, that the home of the

Christmas tree cult was Germany, where it is said to have flourished since the eight century, but the best trees come from Norway. Few of these spruces were



grown in England till the importation of Elm Trees and Conifers (Prohibition Order in 1933).

The origin of the cult is a pagan one, probably con-

nected with tree worship. A myth credits Wilfred of England with substituting a young fir as the Tree of the Christ Child for Thor's Thunder Oak while he was on a missionary journey through the great Thuringia Forest.

Christmas trees were banned in Russia in 1929, in Italy in 1935, in Greece in 1937, in Rumania—because they were "non-Rumanian"—in 1938, and in Germany itself for the sake of economy, in 1943. 1944 saw the Portuguese newspapers demanding that this "pagan custom" be banned. The Bolsheviks have been able plausibly to condemn Christmas trees on the grounds that they are Christian, and the Fascists on the grounds that they are pagan! It would seem that the cult, in non-English-speaking countries, is a dying one.

## STEW MUCH TO EAT

By Lee Priestley

**JAMBALAYA**, burgoo, goulash, courtbouillon, bouillabaisse, minestrone, pilaf, curry, chop suey, mulligan—No, it isn't the formula for a magic spell. There are some of the many kinds of stew made and eaten in all parts of the world.

Practically every country as well as many smaller regions and districts has developed a characteristic version of the good, rib-sticking food that is a mixture of meats and vegetables "stewed" together for a long time. Stews may be thick or thin, rich or economical, but they are always good eating.

You can eat your way around the world on stews alone. Jambalaya, a thick stew with rice as its main ingredient and made savoury with shrimp or ham or oysters or all three together, is commonly found on the family tables in the American South. Burgoo is often cooked out of doors in Kentucky in great iron pots fusing chicken and squirrel and beef with many vegetables into a mouth-watering mess.

**GOULASH** is a Hungarian stew, rich with garlic and colourful with paprika that is



eaten over noodles or dumplings. Courtbouillon and bouillabaisse as you have probably guessed are common foods in France. The first is usually made with one kind of fish and several vegetables, while the famous bouillabaisse contains almost everything a fisherman can catch in a net or on a hook.

Minestrone, thick with macaroni? Italy, of course. Pilaf is only one of a large family of stews made from mutton and eaten everywhere in Turkey and the

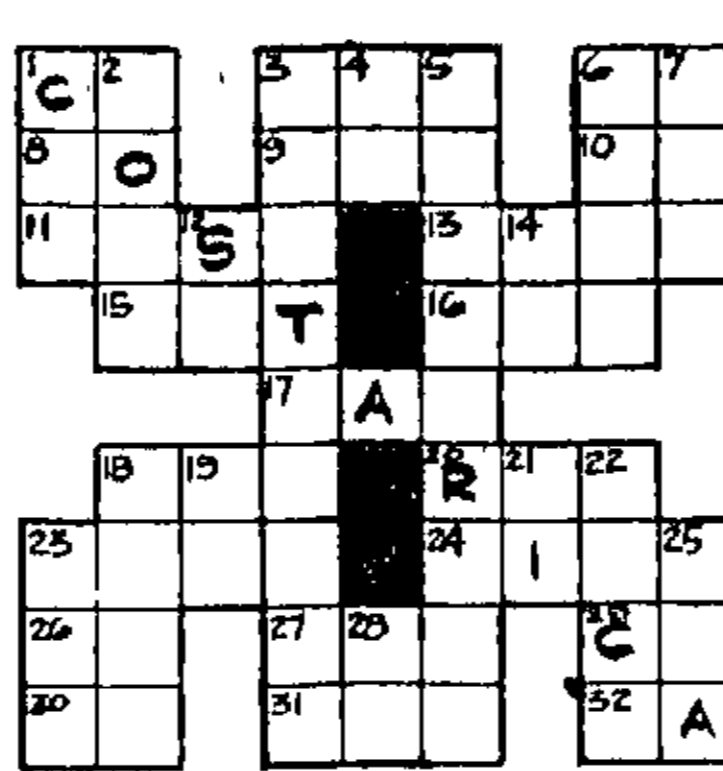
Near East. The Orient developed the exotic curry which probably comes nearest to perfection in Singapore. There the spiced stew served over rice, combines meat with pungent spices and strange ingredients such as peanuts, raisins, pineapple, and "Bombay Duck" which is a nicely fish concoction.

**CHOP SUEY** is supposed to be a Chinese stew, but travellers say it is unknown there and was actually invented in the United States. But like possibly more authentic Chinese food chop suey is savoury and delicious as it combines meat with rice, bean sprouts and soy bean sauce.

You can round off your "Cook's tour" of stews with mulligan, a name given to any of the casual stews that hobos brew over camp fires. A close relation of mulligan stew are the dripping kabobs that Boy Scouts concoct by stringing bits of meat and vegetables on sticks and roasting them together.

If you still aren't overfed, you could sample some of the less well known regional stews of the United States. There's oyster stew, New Brunswick Irish stew, Hunter's stew, and a hundred others. Stew much for you?

## CROSSWORD



### ACROSS

- 1 Court (ab.)
- 3 Medical man (coll.)
- 6 Musical note
- 8 Hawaiian bird
- 9 Artificial language
- 10 Boy's nickname
- 11 Fling
- 13 Part of the face
- 15 Land parcel
- 16 Group of matched pieces
- 17 Cereal grain
- 18 Pronoun
- 20 River (Sp.)
- 23 Closed hand
- 24 Japanese native
- 26 On leave (ab.)
- 27 Silkworm
- 28 Cases (ab.)
- 30 East side (ab.)
- 31 Put on
- 32 Babylonian deity

### DOWN

- 1 Folding bed
- 2 Implement
- 3 Twisted
- 4 Natural power
- 5 Force
- 6 Endure
- 7 Malt beverage
- 12 Thus
- 14 Whirlwind
- 18 Lubricates
- 19 We
- 21 Two (Roman)
- 22 One time
- 23 Enemy
- 25 Free country (ab.)
- 26 Universal language

(Solution—Page 22)

## Punch's Mysterious Visitor

—The Toys Wanted to Know Who It Was—

By MAX TRELL

"CERTAINLY," Mr Punch was saying to someone over the telephone. "Of course I will! No indeed, I won't tell anybody! It'll be a secret. Yes, I understand. You're coming right down? I'll make sure that no one in the house sees you! Fine! Good-bye!"

Mr Punch hung the receiver on the hook. Then he looked around very cautiously to make sure that no one had overheard him. "Oh!" he suddenly exclaimed.

For there, right behind Mr Punch's chair and listening to every word that he had said, were Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names. Behind Knarf and Hanid were Teddy the Stuffed Bear, and General Tin the tin soldier. And behind them were Purrr-Purrr the black kitten, and Pooh-Pooh the white poodle. Mr Punch scowled. "I thought I was alone," he said.

### Heard Every Word

"Oh, no, Mr Punch!" said Hanid gaily. "We're all here. And we heard every word you said."

"And we'd like to know," said Knarf, "whom you were just talking to?"

At this General Tin, Pooh-Pooh, Purrr-Purrr and Teddy all shouted that they also wanted to know.

"Sorry," said Mr Punch. "I can't tell you."

"Why not?" asked Teddy. "Because it's a secret. And furthermore," Mr Punch went on, "I promised that no one would see him come."

Everyone thought this was very foolish. "We're all going to wait right here, Mr Punch. We're going to look and see who it is. So you might just as well tell us right now!" said General Tin.

At that moment there was a knock on the door.

"Here he is! Go away all of you!" ordered Mr Punch.

But no one would move.

Now Mr Punch didn't know what to do. Suddenly he said: "If I tell you who it is, later, will you go away now? I can't break my promise to my visitor. I promised no one would see him."

The knock on the door was repeated.

"But I'll ask his permission to tell you who he is. Only go



Punch greeted his friend.

away now!" Mr Punch, while he was saying this, had started walking toward the door. He now stood with his hand on the knob, ready to open it. But first he wanted the others to go away. "If you don't go away," he added, "I'll tell my visitor that you're all here, and he won't come in at all."

Everyone then said that they would go away. They promised not even to look. "But please do get his permission," pleaded Hanid. "We know it must be somebody important."

### Opened the Door

The instant they were gone, Mr Punch opened the door. In walked a very tall, very fat man with rosy cheeks and a white beard. He was dressed all in red, came in and made yourself comfortable. I had a little trouble just now. Knarf and Hanid and Teddy and General Tin and Purrr-Purrr and Pooh-Pooh all wanted to know who you were. I didn't tell them."

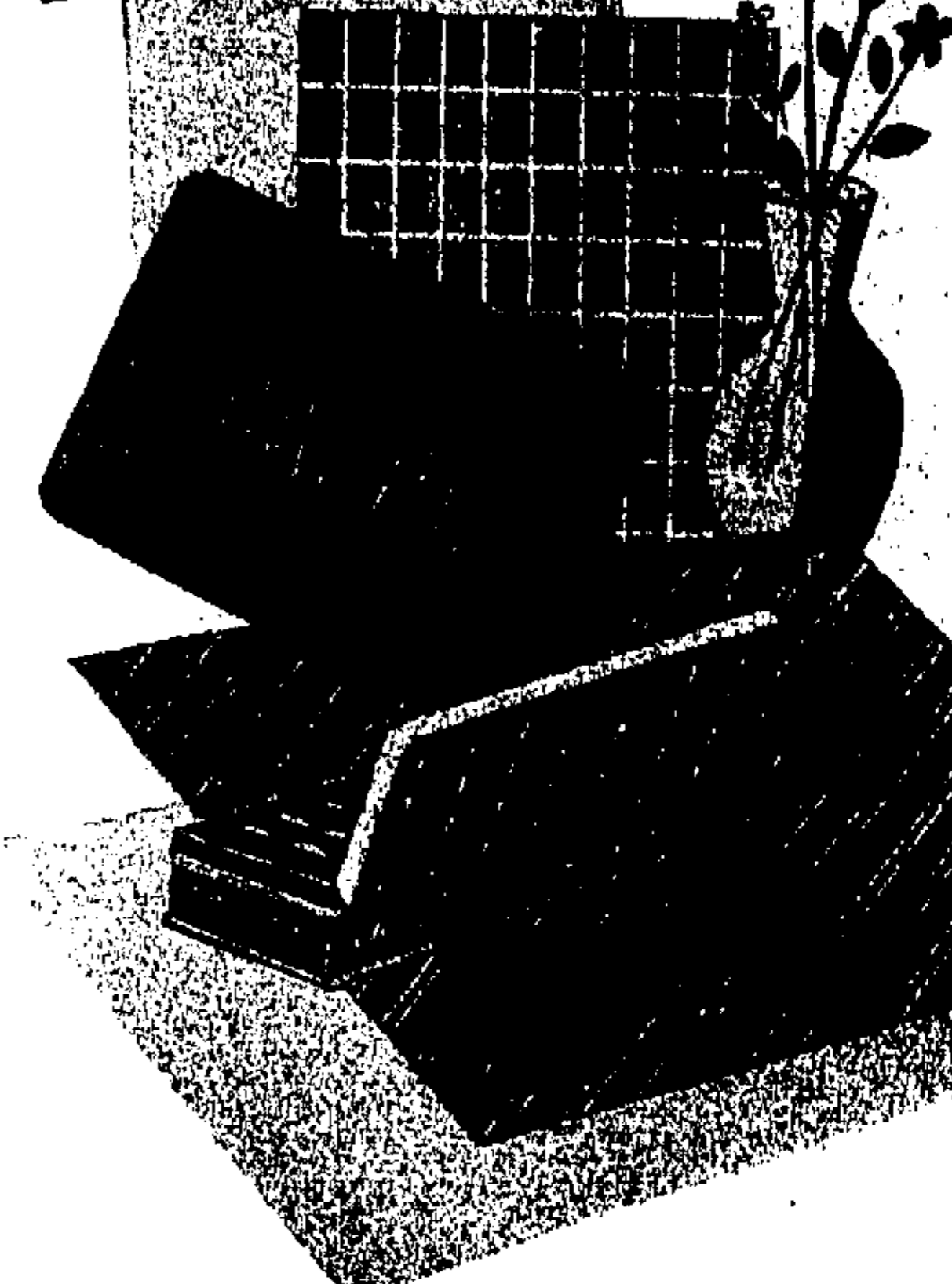
Mr Punch's visitor smiled. "Well," he said, "I don't suppose there's any real harm in telling them who I am after I'm gone. I'm just going to stay a minute or two anyway. I simply wanted to know if anyone in this house has been good?"

"Oh yes!" replied Mr Punch; "very good—very good indeed!"

Mr Punch's visitor smiled, wrote something down in a book which he took out of his coat pocket, and then started for the door again. "I've got a lot more calls to make. You can tell everyone in the house that they'll be hearing from me on Christmas. And now you can tell them who I am. Good-bye!"

And when the others came back into the room, Mr Punch said: "It was Santa Claus. Now are you satisfied?" But they weren't at all. They all wished they could have seen him!

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## Your Future Foretold

- "What would you like to be when you grow up?"** Every boy and girl has been asked this question. Is your reply, "I don't know yet," or something more definite? Whatever it is, fill in this chart and have some fun. If you answer (a) give yourself one mark. If it is (b) you get three.
1. Add up the final score and see into which section it falls. Then the "Don't-knowers" brigade will be able to provide an answer, and those of you who appear to be sure of your ambition will discover whether or not you are suited for your chosen career.
  2. But remember, you must be honest with yourself!
  1. Do you enjoy outdoor life in all weathers? (a) Yes; (b) No.
  2. Do you like seeing the countryside (a) by car; (a) on foot?
  3. Do you like climbing, and can you stand heights? (a) Yes; (b) No.
  4. Are you alert and observant? (a) Yes; (b) No.
  5. When making a toy or model, would you (a) throw it aside if it was not coming out right; or (b) try to improve it?
  6. If a friend cut him(her)self badly, would you (a) run for help; or (b) bandage it first then go for help?
  7. Can you memorise poetry easily? (a) Yes; (b) No.
  8. Do you like to teach your school lessons to younger brothers or sisters? (a) Yes; (b) No.
  9. On a wet afternoon, would you rather (a) go to the cinema; (b) play with a science outfit?
  10. If something exciting happens to you, would you tell (a) just the fact of the story; (b) a "dressed-up" version?
  11. Do you keep your room tidy? (a) Yes; (b) No.
  12. Do you prefer (a) painting; (b) sports?
  13. For a present, would you rather have (a) something in connection with your favourite hobby; (b) football or doll?
  14. For entertainment, would you rather go to the (a) ballet; or (b) circus?
  15. At a party, do you prefer (a) charades; (b) a treasure hunt?
  16. If you get into an argument, do you (a) try to reason out your case; (b) fight?
  17. Do you like taking part in school debates? (a) Yes; (b) No.
  18. Do you get flustered when speaking on the telephone? (a) Yes; (b) No.
  19. Do you hate rough games in case you get hurt? (a) Yes; (b) No.
  20. Do you enjoy long journeys? (a) Yes; (b) No.

### CHECK YOUR SCORE

— You are suited to be:

- Under 35: Dress designer, actor, author, musician, artist, ballet dancer... because you have an artistic nature.
- 36-39: Doctor, lawyer, scientist, schoolteacher... because you are a studious type.
- 40-43: Farmer, explorer, engine or bus driver, policeman (or woman)... because you like outdoor life.
- 44-46: Newspaper reporter, detective, pilot, politician, professional footballer, boxer, skater, jockey or racing-car driver... because you are willing to take risks.
- 47-50: Office worker, telephone operator, factory worker, waiter (or waitress), shop assistant... because you are patient and steady.
- Over 50: Engineer, photographer, printer, TV, film or radio technician, miner... because you are a painstaking type who likes brain teasers.

## ZOO'S WHO

TOADS  
SOMETIMES  
LAY MORE  
THAN  
6000  
EGGS IN A  
SINGLE  
NIGHT...



IN 1640 THE EXPLORER DE SOTO AND HIS MEN ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE SERVED THE FIRST MEAL OF PORK EVER EATEN IN THIS COUNTRY, IN WHAT IS NOW GEORGIA.

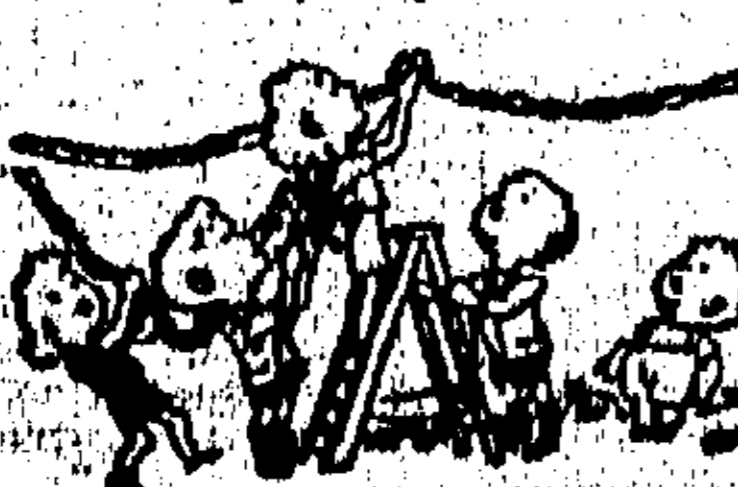
JACK RABBITS ARE BORN FULLY COVERED WITH HAIR. COTTONTAILS ARE BORN NAKED...

## Marty's Cheese

By AL KARALFA



Marty Mouse had been without food all day and was very hungry. While searching for a morsel, he suddenly sniffed the air and thought "That's a delicious aroma of cheese, but I'm so weak from hunger I don't know if I can get to its source quickly enough." Can you help him out of his starving condition by showing him the shortest way to the cheese, remembering that a line stops your path?



MAKE SANTA WINK

You trace these two drawings in ink on thin paper. Then, by placing the little strip behind Santa's eyes—and by moving it about—you can make Father Christmas wink, go to sleep, give a sideways glance, and so on. Try it—it's fun.

## Rupert and the Lion Rock—10



As he reaches the lower woods Rollo goes cautiously. Telling Rupert to be quite quiet, he steps out and listens and keeps a sharp look out. At length they reach the willow and, lying down, creep forward until they are near the water's edge.

## RUPERT and the BLACK MOTH



As the moon and stars shone down on the hill, all gaily coloured drawings about the world's adventures. There are two exciting stories in one book. \$1.00

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"FENGNING"	Yokohama & Kobe	5 p.m. 18th Dec.
"FENGTIEN"	Kobe, Osaka, Nagoya & Yokohama	5 p.m. 18th Dec.
"SHANSI"	Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka & Kobe	5 p.m. 19th Dec.
"HANYANG"	Tientsin	5 p.m. 21st Dec.
"SHENGKING"	Keelung	Noon 22nd Dec.
"SOOCHOW"	Bangkok	10 a.m. 25th Dec.
"HUNAN"	Tientsin	10 a.m. 28th Dec.
"SHENGKING"	Keelung	Noon 29th Dec.
"KWEIANG"	Singapore, Djakarta & Surabaya	5 p.m. 31st Dec.

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"SHANSI"	Djakarta, Bantam & Singapore	pm 17th Dec.
"FENGNING"	Tientsin	4 pm 17th Dec.
"HANYANG"	Tientsin	pm 18th Dec.
"SHENGKING"	Keelung	7 am 20th Dec.
"SOOCHOW"	Kobe	21-22nd Dec.

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ARRIVALS FROM		
"TAIPING"	Kobe	26th Dec.
"CHANGTE"	Australia & Manila	21st Jan.

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"AGAPENOR"	Genoa, London, Holland & Hamburg	21st Dec.
"ASCANIUS"	Dublin & Liverpool	24th Dec.
"PERSEUS"	Manilla, Liverpool & Glasgow	6th Jan.
"MYRMIDON"	Liverpool & Glasgow via Manilla	7th Jan.

## Scheduled sailings from Europe

Sails	Sails	Arrives
Liverpool	Rotterdam	Hong Kong
G. "AGAPENOR"	Sailed	16th Dec.
G. "AUTOMEDON"	do	25th Dec.
G. "MYRMIDON"	do	31st Jan.
G. "ATREUS"	do	11th Jan.
G. "PYRHIUS"	12th Dec.	17th Dec.
G. "BELLEROPHON"	14th Dec.	22nd Jan.
G. "CYCLOPS"	25th Dec.	1st Feb.
G. "ANTIOCHUS"	14th Jan.	10th Feb.

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"BENRINNES"	U.K. via Singapore	18th Jan.
"BENVENUE"	U.K. via Singapore	20th Jan.
"BENVOLICH"	Japan	20th Jan.

## SAILINGS Loading on or abt.

"BENVOLICH"	Kure, Yokohama & Kobe	24th Dec.
"BENLOMOND"	Havre, Liverpool, Glasgow & Avonmouth	6th Jan.
"BENRINNES"	Avonmouth, Havre & London	22nd Jan.
"BENVOLICH"	Direct to Singapore, thence London, Hamburg & Hull	28th Jan.
"BENVENUE"	Direct to Singapore, thence Liverpool, Dublin, Hamburg & Hull	17th Feb.

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## SUGGESTIONS FOR PARTY GAMES

## HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU?

Now for a little problem in crime detection—the sort of riddle your old friend's might have to tackle.

A man left a £5 note on his desk. Later it had vanished. In the interval two people only had access to the note—his butler and his housemaid.

The maid told him: "I saw the note, and, for safety, folded it up and placed it under the red book on your desk." The man looked under the book, but there was no £5 note.

The butler next told him: "Yes, sir, I found the note under the red book, and thinking it might get lost, placed it inside the book between pages 23 and 24." The man opened the book, but the note was still missing.

PROBLEM: Who stole the £5 note? And what evidence was there of guilt?

SOLUTION: The butler stole the note. The evidence against him was that the pages of books are normally numbered with the even numbers on the left and the odd numbers on the right-hand page.

Pages 23 and 24 were, therefore, either side of one and the same leaf. So the butler lied when he said he placed the note between pages 23 and 24.

ROUGH-LOOKING A man rang the front-door bell of the home of a famous collector of antiques.

"Can I see the guv'nor?" he asked the servant who answered the door.

"What's your business?" replied the maid.

"Well," said the man, "I've got something here that will interest him. I found it yesterday when I was on a job... pulling down one of them old houses, you know."

A few minutes later the man was showing the collector a coin.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I found it in the foundations of one of them old houses—genuine George the First, ain't it? Look! All these Latin words, and there, see, clear as the nose in me face—George I. What'll you give me for it, sir?"

"Nothing at all," said the antiquary, "this is a forgery, my man, and not a very clever one at that."

What was the forger's mistake?

ANSWER: Before a monarch can be designated the First, a second of the same name must reign. For example, Queen Victoria is not known as Victoria the First. A genuine coin of the time of George the First would, therefore, be inscribed simply George, etc.

completed painting the hands?

ANSWER: None. Big Ben has four faces.

LET'S have another game. What about Towns of England? This is a nice sort of comfortable round - the - fire game. It starts with some one saying the name of an English town; the right-hand neighbour must name another town, the first letter of which is the same as the last letter of the name of the preceding town mentioned. And so on round the circle.

Any player unable to think of a town after the count of ten loses a life. Three lives lost puts you out of the game. That sounds much easier than it really is. For instance, if A says "Norwich," and B says "Hallifax"—what does poor C do? ... Loses a life, I fear.

And remember a town once mentioned may not be used again.

AND this may look tricky, but it isn't. What was the Prime Minister's name in 1912?

ANSWER: Winston Churchill. It has been that since he was born.

CAN you write a sentence in which the word "AND" appears five times in succession? EXAMPLE: "The inn-keeper of the Star and Garter had a new sign painted. As he was not satisfied with it, he sent for the sign-writer, and complained: 'There's too much space between Star and AND and AND and Garter!'"

I was in the country not long ago and saw a number of swans swimming on a lake. There were two swans in front of a swan, two swans behind a swan, and one swan in the middle.

How many swans do you think I saw altogether? ANSWER: Three swans, swimming in single file.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' CROSSWORD SOLUTION

CT	DOC	LA
DO	IDO	AL
TOSS	NOSE	
LOT	SET	
	OAT	
OUR	RIO	
FIST	AINU	
OL	ERI	CG
EG	DON	EA

ASK a married friend to tell you the year of his birth. Write it down. Beneath that the year of his marriage. Then the number of years he has been married, and, lastly, his present age.

You will find the answer is 3876.

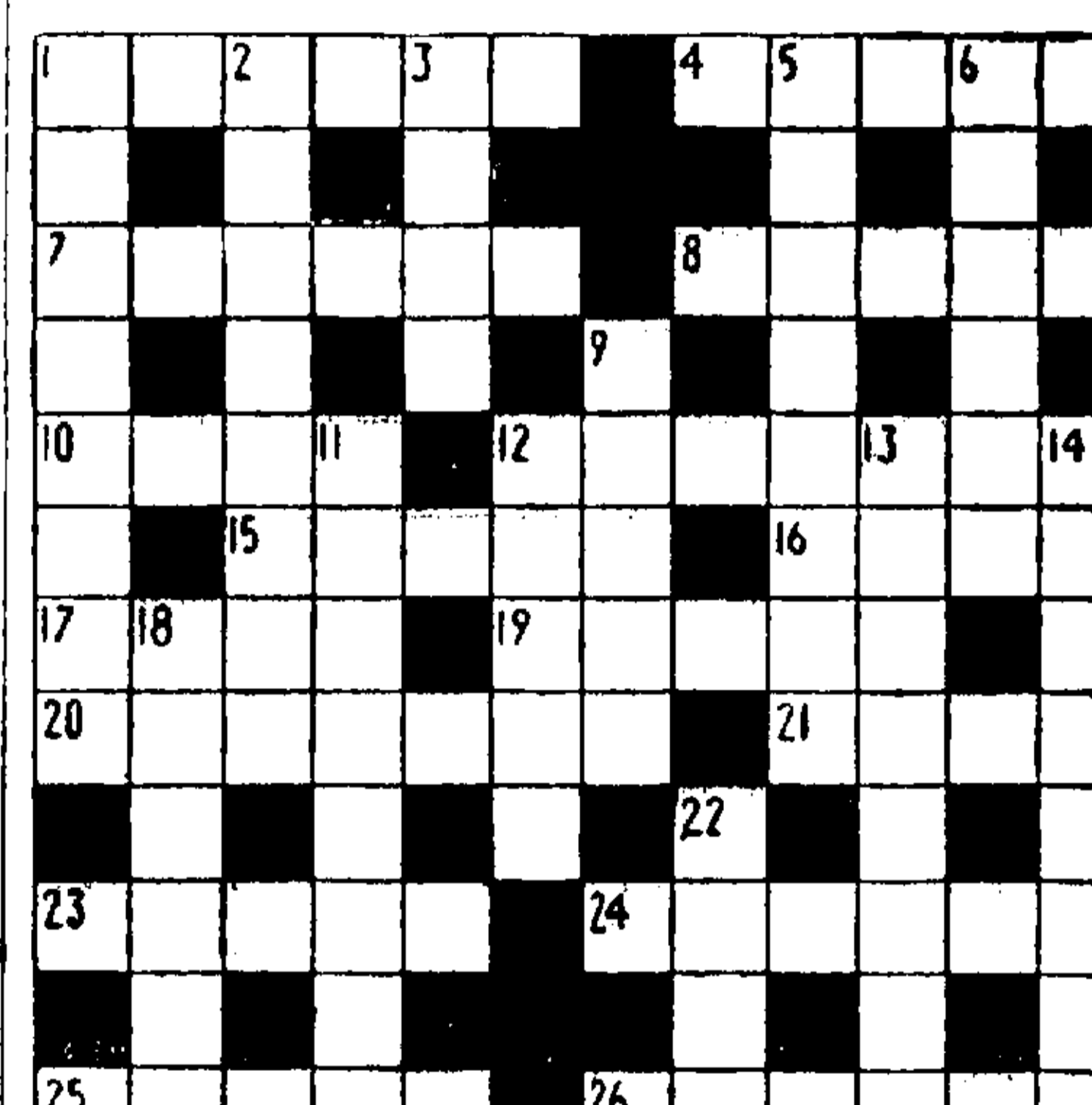
EXAMPLE:—	1908
Born	1929
Married	9
Been married	90
Age	3876

If the solution does not come to 3876 some one is not telling the truth! Woman, thy name is vanity!

WHAT about this one? Do you know it?

A man was employed to paint the hands of Big Ben. He was given 16 lbs. of paint for the job. He found that the large hand required 3 lbs. and the small hand 1 lb. of paint. How much paint had he left over when he had

## A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS	DOWN
1 Combat (6)	1 Unmarried man (8)
4 Confuse (6)	2 End of the line (8)
7 Vegetable (6)	3 Plunder (4)
8 Jelly (5)	5 Tyrannical (8)
10 Egress (4)	6 Linger (6)
12 Much liked (7)	9 Dig (5)
15 Part of a staircase (5)	11 Legator (8)
16 Weary (4)	12 Facial hair (5)
17 Responsibility (4)	13 Countryman (8)
19 Benefit (5)	14 Fated (8)
20 Put back (7)	18 Snuggle (6)
21 Coagulate (4)	22 Insect (4)
23 Condition (5)	
24 Motto (6)	
25 Joyous (5)	
26 Extreme dislike (6)	

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Scatters, 8 Plaise, 9 Admonish, 11 Discreet, 12 Te. m, 13 Tepor, 18 Tunes, 19 Chin, 22 Militant, 24 Revealed, 25 Settle, 26 Harmless. Down: 1 Spade, 2 Harsh, 3 Scarlet, 4 Cede, 5 Trot, 6 Exiled, 7 Scheme, 10 Melon, 14 Pupil, 15 Resides, 16 Scorch, 17 Silver, 20 Party, 21 Utter, 22 Mail, 23 Less.

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## PASSENGER /FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards	Leaves London	Arrives Hongkong
"CORFU"	18th November	17th December
"CANTON"	13th December	14th January
"CARTHAGE"	10th January	11th February
"CHUSAN"	22nd January	19th February
"CORFU"	7th February	10th March

Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang &amp; Singapore

Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
"CORFU"	20th December	21st January
"CANTON"	16th January	18th February
"CARTHAGE"	16th February	17th March
"CHUSAN"	23rd February	21st March
"CORFU"	14th March	14th April

Accepting cargo for Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Aden &amp; London.

## FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards	Due Hongkong	From
"SOMALI"	18th December	London & Continent
"TREVISE"	30th December	—

Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	For
"SINGAPORE"	20th December	London & Continent

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## BRITISH INDIA S.N. CO., LTD.

"SIRDHANA"	due 21st Dec.	from Calcutta via Rangoon & Straits for Japan
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(These vessels have refrigerated cargo space)

## P. &amp; O.B. I. JOINT SERVICE

"ORDIA"	due 25th Dec.	from West Coast India via Singapore
"OBRA"	sails 27th Dec.	for Japan
	sails 10th Jan.	from Japan for Singapore Colombo Bombay Karachi

## EASTERN &amp; AUSTRALIAN S.S. CO., LTD.

"NANKIN"	sails 2nd Jan.	for Sydney, Melbourne & Adelaide
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All vessels have liberty to call at any ports on or off the route & the route & sailing are subject to change or amendment with or without notice.

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Vessel	From	Arrives	Sails	For
"TRADE WIND"	San Francisco	Dec. 18	Dec. 19	San Francisco & Los Angeles
"ALAKA BEAN"	Seattle	Jan. 5	Jan. 7	San Francisco & Los Angeles via Kobe
"WILSON BEAN"	San Francisco	Jan. 20	Jan. 21	San Francisco & Los Angeles
"CRIDA BEAN"	San Francisco	Feb. 5	Feb. 7	San Francisco & Los Angeles via Yokohama

For full particulars call United States Lines Co., General Agents, Queen's Building, Tel. 2818.



## Saves "HANLINCODE"

I see in the published teams that the Club has returned Craig to scrum half and D. Henderson to the centre. This is a wise move on the part of the Club, although it shows flexibility and enterprise when the Club are willing to experiment in this manner.

Sometimes one team can get into an awful rut and a little moving around of players helps the team members to understand the workings of other positions.

match to see today, unless one is following the Tournament games.

**INTELLIGENCE TEST SOLUTION**

Successive inferences enable a few candidates to find their agent to be identified as under:

Party	Cand	Agent
TOBY	M	M
SOC.	M	G
LEB	K	B
COM.	K-B	K-H

**So the Communist candidate Mr. Beaconsfield, and his agent young Mr. Ward.**

London Express Service

"I know exactly how you feel—I'll be glad when Christmas is over too!"

Gardner and Williams were to have met on December 28 but the bout was postponed because of Gardner's eye injury. Mr Solomons has given permission for Gardner to have a warming up fight in Leicester on January 28 but expects opposition from Williams' manager on the grounds that Gardner may aggravate his injury, thereby forcing another postponement of the title contest.—**Reuter.**

A "bumper" glass to the largest and fullest and in monasteries the largest and fullest toast was always offered "au bon pere"—the good father, the abbot. It is thought that "au bon pere" has been shortened to our present "bumper."

The rumours, which trade say originated this morning in London, vary considerably. Some rumours said that restrictions will be turned into "free" currency and others that there will be a revaluation of the Sterling but there was no implication as to whether the dollar parity of Sterling will be lowered or raised.

## DARTWORDS

The employers agreed to operate a 10 per cent service charge demanded by the strikers in place of tips where possible. They also agreed on wages of 16 shillings a week for men

were joined by an earthquake tonight at 10 o'clock (10 GMT: 0.30 a.m. Saturday (Standard Time). No loss of life or serious damage was reported. — Associated Press.

U.S.A., Canada, 8 a.m.  
P.A.L.  
Malaya, 9 a.m., C.P.A.  
Formosa, 10 a.m., C.A.T.

**JEBSEN & CO.,**  
Agents.  
Hong Kong, 15th December, 1901

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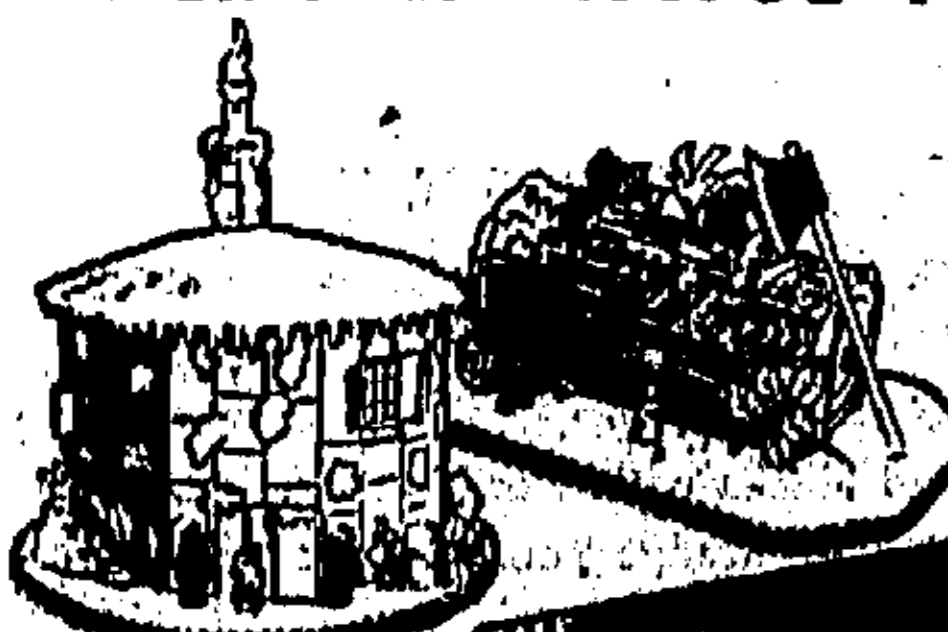
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